Machine Politics and Relief by Marguerite Young

NEW MASSES

APRIL 12, 1938 FIFTEEN CENTS A COPY

VOL. XXVII, NO. 3, NEW YORK, N. Y.; IN TWO SECTIONS OF WHICH THIS IS SECTION ONE

INCLUDED WITH THIS ISSUE:

Monthly Literary Section

Edmund Wilson's Bowl of Glass . . . . . by Joseph Freeman

Stranglers of the Thunder . . . . . by Carl Carmer

Bread Upon the Waters . . . . . by Michael Bruen

Revolution in Bohemia . . . . . by Granville Hicks

Words I Did Not Speak . . . . . by Edward Wall

The Heroes . . . . . by William Rose Benét

Longfellow on Spain . . . by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow Dana

Neutrality—In Spain and Here

"If We Had 200 More Planes"

A Cable from Barcelona by Joseph North

Delegation to the State Department

A Report by Lester Cohen

Cartoons by William Gropper, Fred Ellis, Ad Reinhardt, and Haile Hendrix

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How to End the Drive

DEAR READERS: How would you like to end this NEW MASSES financial drive? We need the money and you need relief from raising money. And both of us need assurance that the best progressive magazine in the country is going to continue to live and to grow.

We launched this campaign at the beginning of February because we had to. For the NEW MASSES it was a life and death question, and there was no one we could turn to but you. Your response has been encouraging, and the letters that many of you have sent have been an inspiration. In our financial campaign *last year we received 1,525 individual contributions. In this campaign* we have thus far received in a much shorter time a total of 5,076 individual contributions—three and a half times as many. This means that our circle of friends and supporters is growing, that today there are many more people who cherish the NEW MASSES and are ready to work and to make real sacrifices for it.

And now for the final push. Receipts up to Saturday inclusive totaled $13,480.19. That leaves about $6,500 still to be obtained to reach our goal of $20,000, *which is indispensable if the* NEW MASSES *is to continue publication in the future.* This money can be raised in short order in a very simple way. Here's how:

Every subscriber of the NEW MASSES has received a coin card in the mail, about half have responded. If every subscriber who has not yet filled the coin card will do so *within the next week,* it should bring us very close to the $20,000 goal. Readers who have not received coin cards or those who think they can fill a second one can get them by writing in. And speed every cent you raise by wire or air mail to 31 East 27th Street, New York City.

ON Wednesday evening, May 4, NEW MASSES is undertaking the biggest meeting of its career, at Madison Square Garden. We are holding a debate between Frederick J. Libby, Executive Secretary of the National Council for the Prevention of War, and Earl Browder, General Secretary of the Communist Party. Mr. Browder will uphold the affirmative and Mr. Libby the negative on the subject: "Should the United States government join in concerted action against the fascist states?" Admission prices will range from forty-nine cents to $1.65.

H. W. L. Dana writes us that before sending the Longfellow material to NEW MASSES, he had offered it to the *Atlantic Monthly*, whose editor, Ellery Sedgwick, has recently received much publicity for his statements in favor of General Franco. It happens, of course, that Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was once the mainstay of the *Atlantic Monthly.* Sedgwick returned the manuscript with a rejection slip.

Word comes from the Soviet Union that Boris Shchukin, star, Mikhail Romm, director, and A. Kapler, author of *Lenin in October*, the Soviet movie now playing at the Cameo in New York, have all been awarded the Order of Lenin.

Who's Who

JOSEPH NORTH is *Daily Worker* correspondent in Spain. . . . Lester Cohen is the author of *Sweepings* and *The Great Bear.* . . . Marguerite Young, NEW MASSES Washington correspondent, was formerly with the Washington Bureau of the Associated Press. . . . William F. Dunne is a veteran of the American labor movement. He served in the Montana legislature in 1919 and introduced a resolution calling for the withdrawal of American troops from Siberia. . . . Rolfe Humphries was co-editor, with M. J. Bernadete, of the loyalist anthology, *And Spain Sings.* He has just been awarded a Guggenheim Fellowship in poetry. . . . Joseph Freeman has long been associated with NEW MASSES. His latest book was *An American Testament.* . . . Carl Carmer wrote *Stars Fell on Alabama* and *The Hurricane's Children.* . . . Michael Bruen is a New York lawyer whose writing has appeared in *Story, Cue,* and other publications. . . . Granville Hicks's new book, *I Like America,* is scheduled for publication on May 16 by Modern Age Books. . . . Edward Wall is a newspaperman, now living in California. . . . William Rose Benét is an editor of the *Saturday Review of Literature.* Henry Wadsworth Longfellow Dana is the grandson of the poet and of Charles Henry Dana.

THIS WEEK

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Two weeks' notice is required for change of address. Notification direct to us rather than to the post office will give the best results.

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Flashbacks

"I ENTER the prison a flaming revolutionary—my head erect, my spirit untamed and my soul unconquerable," said aging and ill Gene Debs, April 13, 1919 when he began serving his sentence for opposing the World War. . . . Retreating before popular demands for reform of the judiciary, and surrounded with a great wave of sit-down strikes, the Supreme Court upheld the constitutionality of the Wagner Labor Relations Act on April 12, 1937 saying: "Employees have as clear a right to organize and select their representatives for lawful purposes as (a corporation) has to organize its business and select its own officers and agents." . . . The right to organize against the bosses of his day—the British—was staunchly maintained by Thomas Jefferson, drafter of the Declaration of Independence. He was born April 13, 1743. . . . On April 15, 1865, four years to a day after he first called for troops to put down counter-revolution, Abraham Lincoln was assassinated by a partisan of the defeated slave owners.

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NEW MASSES
APRIL 12, 1938

William Gropper

Neutrality—In Spain and Here

"IF WE HAD 200 MORE PLANES"

By Joseph North

BARCELONA, APRIL 3. (*By Cable*)

WHAT can humanly be done is being done. Every sector of the People's Front is contributing its best men. They go either with arms or with pick and shovel. A hundred thousand volunteers for the army, fifty thousand for fortifications—one is as important as the other.

All day long the drums beat on Barcelona's streets. As I write bugles sound outside and Catalan youth march. I run downstairs to watch them swing by. These are the volunteers below draft age, less than eighteen—lads in caps, some already wearing helmets. Most are still pink-cheeked. I see four graybeards among them. One lame lad marches briskly, swinging his arms to hide his limp. They are marching to war, these lads of sixteen and seventeen. Yesterday they were playing baseball, a popular Catalan sport, and watching their favorites, the *"hon runs,"* Spanish for home-run sluggers, do their stuff. Today they are soldiers. "Two divisions in ten days" was the slogan ten days ago. The time is up. Two divisions were formed. They march with a bright yellow and red Catalonian flag. In a few days or weeks they will be at the front. For Italian regiments at this writing are plunging down the highway from Valderrobres toward Vinaroz on the coast. There was street fighting in Lerida, which I left a few hours ago.

At volunteer headquarters on the plaza, Catalan boys stand at recruiting desks, some still carrying school books. Most have parental certificates of permission; many try to sneak in without parental consent; one lad says in a disguised basso voice: "Hombre, I tell you I'm eighteen." He wasn't a day over fifteen. Anxious mothers come around hunting for Pedro or Juan, who haven't come home from school today.

Yesterday I was at Igualidad on the Lerida highway. Women were digging trenches. When I got to Lerida, some seventy kilometers farther on, I found general headquarters in the cellar of an evacuated bank. The Chief of Staff glanced at his wrist watch by candle light. "In two hours," he said, "we counter-attack." I waited. The loyalists scaled a height several kilometers out of town in the teeth of Nazi cannon and chased the Italians off. Several hours afterward the sky darkened with planes, twice the number of previous days, which literally stormed the heights from the sky. The loyalists had to fall back into the evacuated town, empty save for one old woman in black. "I have never been out of

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Lerida before," she said, "and I won't leave now." She couldn't see any sense in abandoning her home after seventy-eight years.

The Chief of Staff, twenty-seven years old and a former school teacher, took another gulp of cognac and a bite of cracker. He said apologetically: "They are going to start bombing in a little while, comrade. It will be better if you are not here when they bomb. They are shelling the bridge you came over into town. They might hit it."

He was sorry that we couldn't stay. "It will be warm," he said. "If we had two hundred planes more, comrade, two hundred planes more, they wouldn't advance an inch." He didn't say it reproachfully, but as an American I got a guilty feeling.

"They're going to debate the Neutrality Law in Congress soon," I said in defense. "Seventy-five percent of the people are for loyalist Spain."

"Good," he said. "Do you think the law will be changed?"

I said, "If the debate reflects the will of the people, it will."

"And Roosevelt," he asked, "isn't he a great democrat?"

Our conversation terminated when a runner came in, saluted, and everyone suddenly got busy.

I spoke later to Antonio Cordon, newly appointed head of the southern sector of the army of the east. With him was the slim, youthful, former U.G.T. head, now leading the twenty-seventh division. Both were confident the drive would be halted. "Their infantry," they said, "isn't worth a centimo compared with ours. Their mechanized army is what is gaining ground. Our men will catch on to how to stop tanks with hand grenades like the Madrilenos learned. Planes are chiefly psychological weapons—if you have good entrenchments." They too asked me what our great brother democracy of America was doing. "If we had two hundred more planes," they said, "they couldn't advance an inch."

—— has one of the finest records in the war. Less than thirty-five, he had already won his spurs as the foremost trade union leader in Catalonia—heading the U.G.T.'s hundred thousand men. "Interview me?" he said. "That's one thing I can't face—an interview. It takes too much emotion from me."

The burden of his message was that the fascist reports of the demoralization of the Spanish army were hokum. The men were fighting like the heroes they were against the best that Krupp and Milan could send. It was monsters of steel against men of steel. "Machines can never beat men in the last analysis," he said. "Not men steeled by political convictions. The last battle in a war is won by infantry." He urged me to cable trade unionists and "all true democrats" to amend the Neutrality Act. "Do not let our friends lose faith in us," he said. "We shall fight to the very end for democracy's victory, not only for Spain, but for all the world."

Spanish Communists in the U.G.T. place great stress on the necessity for a political army. Hence their insistence upon the importance of commissars. They differed with Prieto. He wanted an apolitical army. The other day he rescinded a statute that had limited their powers. "Experience has shown that commissars are valuable." The parties and organizations of the People's Front, bereft of necessary machines, try to make up the difference by making giants of men. "It is better to die fighting than to live on your knees," La Passionara, the Communist leader, said. "Resist, resist, resist; create, create, create," Negrin, the Socialist Premier, said. "Every man a giant, every Catalan a man," Companys, the Republican, said.

I toured the fronts in a propaganda truck. Literally half a million copies of leaflets and Barcelona newspapers were given to every man, woman, and child on the highway from Barcelona to Lerida that morning. All reflected the same story, "Resist, resist, resist today to attack tomorrow." I talked to a jubilant soldier at four in the morning going up to the front. He had just brought an "evadido," fascist deserter, to headquarters. "I saw cannon coming up," he said. "Today we had planes. Maybe France is sending us planes now." I hoped he was right, but I hadn't seen them. "If we had two hundred planes more, they couldn't advance an inch. We'll lick them with or without planes. We've done it before, but planes would save us a lot of damn trouble."

The Spanish rearguard is firm, despite indubitable fifth-column plotting. The Cabinet is at the helm, steering the ship through the worst storm of the war. If there are changes in governmental structure, it will be with the consent of all concerned in the interest of greater efficiency. The Popular Front stands as one man.

Trade unionists in the anarchist C.N.T. and the Marxist U.G.T. work together through their committees of coördination. They are appealing to their men to resist. "Women, take your men's places in factories," *Las Notocias,* U.G.T. organ, said today. To men it said, "If you can't handle a gun, get a pick and shovel." They are raising an army of fifty thousand *fortificadores* to put up walls of cement throughout Catalonia, as Madrid did in the darkest days of November.

We held at Madrid, we'll hold in Catalonia, Spain says today. The people have been heroic in crises hitherto. The Spaniard today is fighting, with his back to the sea, the battle of all progressive mankind. All day long this brilliant Barcelona Sunday the drums are beating.

DELEGATION TO THE STATE DEPARTMENT

By Lester Cohen

AS we entered the corridor there was a stench, and with it the odor of disinfectant. The doors were shuttered, like hospital doors. And against the walls, a number of frames, like stretchers.

We were in the State Department. An attendant showed us to the office of Walton R. Moore, Counselor of State.

Judge Moore is an old man, one side of his face more deeply creased than the other, as if that side had suffered more.

He nodded to us, and indicated the chairs that were placed before his large desk, most of them folding chairs, like those hastily set up in undertaking parlors.

Dr. Walter B. Cannon said we had come on behalf of Spanish democracy, and wanted to present a petition.

Dr. Cannon is dean of the Harvard Medical School. His face is pink, his hair is white, his gray-blue eyes spread directness and clarity. "Will you read it?" said he, presenting the petition.

Judge Moore read it, his voice quavering and thin; he was flanked by two assistants; he was reading it for their benefit. The petition set forth our feeling that the Neutrality Act offers no protection against war, is an impediment to peace, that it is helping choke the people of Spain in their death struggle.

Judge Moore put the paper down. "If you want to change the existing laws," said he, "hadn't you better see your Congressmen?"

Jerry O'Connell nodded; he had expected this. "I'm a Congressman myself," said he, "and to speak realistically, you know that any change in laws regarding foreign policy has to be initiated by the State Department."

Judge Moore said Congress made the laws.

"Yes," said O'Connell, "but to speak realistically, you know that those things are done only after advice and consultation by this Department. For instance, this Neutrality Act. I happen to know the Department of State was consulted."

Judge Moore thought a moment. "We didn't get what we wanted," he said.

O'Connell said this might be the time to try. "And I know there's a considerable number of men in Congress would be interested."

Judge Moore raised his tired eyes and looked at O'Connell. "Have you tried the chairman of the Foreign Affairs Committee?"

"Yes," said O'Connell, "and he threw it right back at you."

Judge Moore considered the matter, he spoke of its legal ramifications, there were

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two Acts, the Act of May 1, and the Act—

O'Connell wasn't interested in the Acts. "Yes, but something could be done."

"Perhaps you might introduce an Act," said Judge Moore.

"I have," said O'Connell, and proceeded to tell about it. "Besides, the President might do something by proclamation," he said, "something could be done if the President and the State Department used their prestige."

Judge Moore mentioned some of the obstacles, things like this took time.

"You moved fast enough against Mexico," said O'Connell.

That was different, said Judge Moore, there were perfectly defined precedents against expropriation. "Besides, you came about Spain."

"Yes," said Congressman Bernard of Minnesota, "and every day made a difference, every day was helping the 'fascist monsters'—"

"Fascist monsters" didn't do so well with Judge Moore. You could see that he was temperamentally indisposed to dramatic phrases. "Of course we're all democrats," he said, "I'm a democrat, we want democracy to prevail, peace and democracy."

"Yes," said Vincent Lobach, "but how are we going to get them, particularly if we don't coöperate with the democracies that want peace?"

Judge Moore looked at Vincent Lobach. Vincent Lobach was plainly a man of distinction, plainly of German features, and his name wasn't Vincent Lobach. He had told Judge Moore his real name, but said he didn't dare put it on the petition, didn't dare have it in the public prints in connection with this matter—he had relatives in Germany.

Judge Moore nodded. He indicated that the world wasn't all one might've hoped, perhaps if there were more people interested in this thing—

"The Gallup poll," said Dr. Riegger, of the American Musical Society, "showed 75 percent of the American people in sympathy with Republican Spain."

"Did it?" said Judge Moore.

"I am a teacher," said Mrs. Riegger, "representing six thousand teachers. I hate to think what history will say of our present policy."

Ralph Pearson, of the American Artists' Congress, spoke of the inconsistency of the policy as it affected China and Spain.

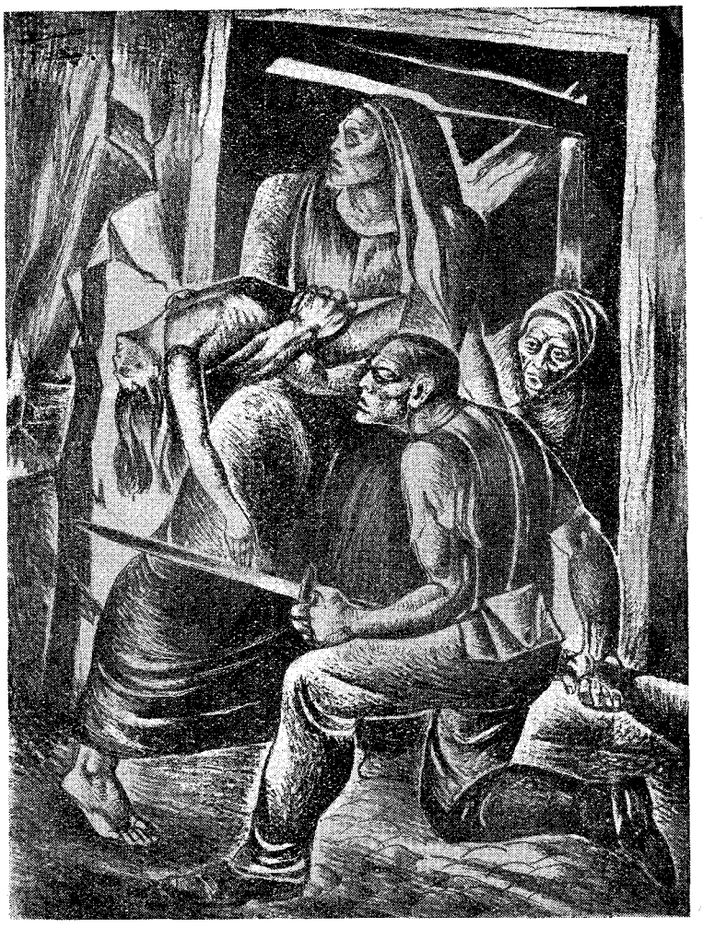
Judge Moore looked unhappy. He spoke of a difference between a war and a civil war—

"Whatever the Spanish war might have seemed at the beginning," said the Rev. Dr. Herman Reissig, "you certainly can't consider it a civil war now."

There was a deepening unhappiness about Judge Moore. Yes, he said, the aspect had changed, there were foreign troops in Spain, but still, despite China and Spain, he hoped peace would prevail. "I don't see any other nation about to declare war," he said.

"The fascist nations don't declare war," I said.

"Realistically," said Jerry O'Connell, "we have to face the tactic of the undeclared war."



Lithograph by Michael Lenson

Judge Moore said that was true, there was this new tactic of undeclared war.

"Suppose it's tried in France," I said, "will the policy of the State Department be the same?"

"How in conscience," said the Rev. Dr. Reissig, "can we let this thing go on?"

"And if it goes on," said Pearson, "may we not be the only remaining democracy? And then where are we?"

Judge Moore's unhappiness became more intent. His suffering face began to take on the "realistic" quality O'Connell had asked for— "Isn't it about over with Spain?" he said.

Josie Herbst said you couldn't tell. "I was in Madrid for four months while they were bombing it, and every day the spirit of the people rose. Barcelona may yet be another Madrid," she said. "But it's awfully hard when you have only rifles and machine guns, and the other side has any amount of tanks and planes, then it's awfully hard."

Judge Moore looked at Josie, then at the rest of us. "You want us to let Spain buy arms?"

"Yes."

"Can they pay?"

"I talked to them about that too," said Josie, and she told of a conversation with Defense Minister Prieto. "They don't want credits or anything, they'll pay in cash."

We were warmer now, and everyone spoke, and on the human side. Sometimes we faltered, but the faltering was all right, it was the faltering of honest and inexperienced people. A strange thing seemed to happen, the moral weight shifted to our side. We were for reality, we were for democracy—and Judge Moore was out on the limb of a Neutrality Act he couldn't believe in. It was a strange moment, for him. In many years in the State Department he had felt in the right, on the honorable, reasonable, and workable side of things, and now—

Now the interview was over. Judge Moore picked up the petition. "Your petition will be passed on to the Secretary," said he. He nodded to the assistants who flanked him. "With certain notations," he said, "summarizing what has been said here."

He rose and shook hands. When he came to Josie he smiled and said, "You must make good speeches."

"No," she said with a little laugh, "I don't."

We nodded goodby, one of the assistants held the door, we went out.

What was behind this? Why could the State Department feel the insincerity and criminality of the Act, and still not move against it? Did this have to do with that hearing some time back, the hearing in which the admirals denied coöperation with England, but still. . . . Was this a policy of isolationist coöperation with England? And was England employing Hitler and Mussolini to do a job in Spain and Czechoslovakia—while perfectly willing to let the rival empire of Japan pile up trouble for itself in China? Was this what it came to?

Nothing was said about that.

We went down the marble hall, past the doors with shutters, like the doors of hospitals, past the frames like stretchers which you see in hospitals . . . it was almost as if we were in a hospital, and behind those shuttered doors, patients symbolic of nations, Spain, Czechoslovakia, France . . . and slowly moving doctors approximating the ebbing strength of the patients.

Had something died, some nation expired in a final putrescence? For again we were at the end of the corridor, there was that strong stench, and the odor of disinfectant.

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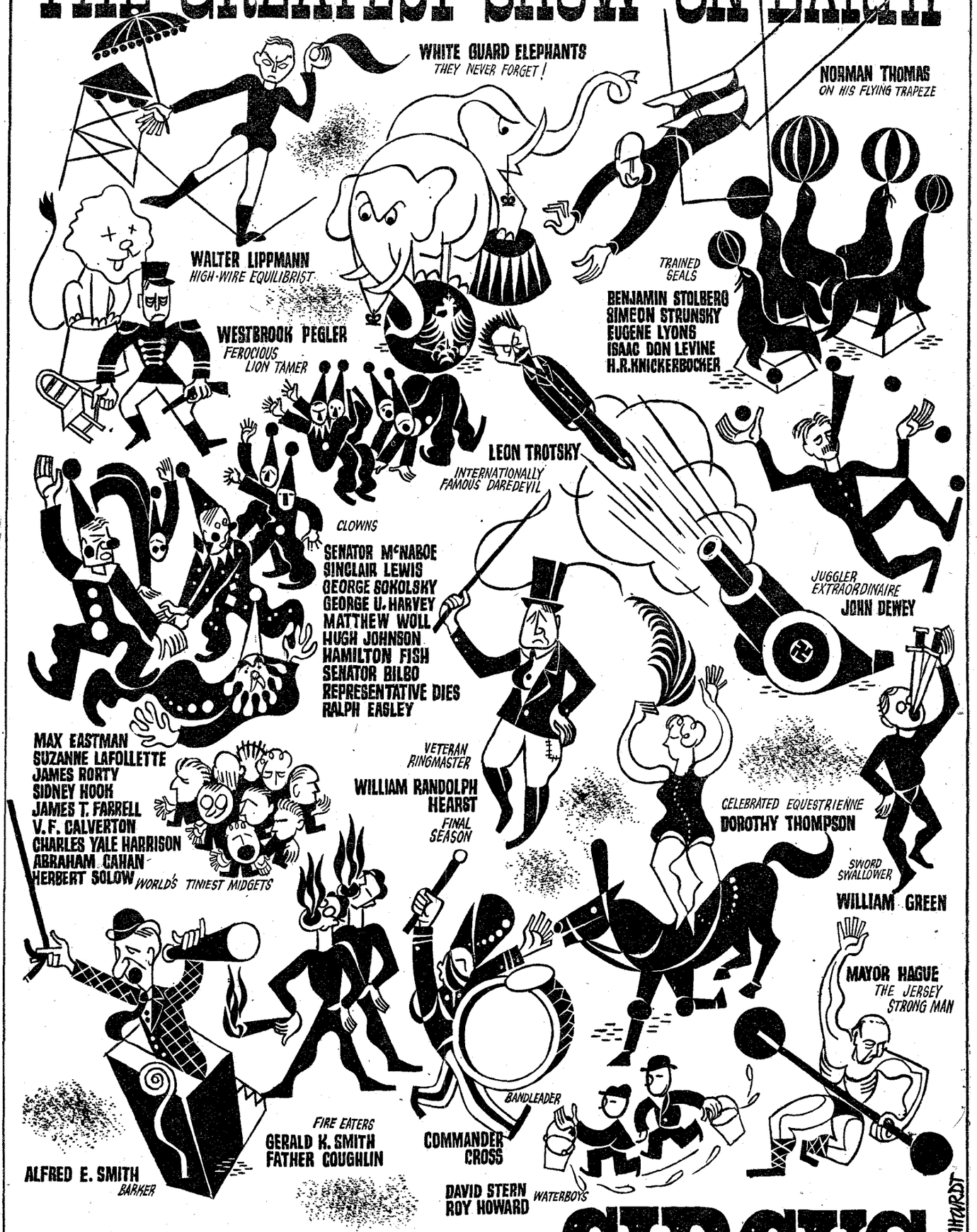
THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH



COMBINED RED-BAITING CIRCUS

REINHARDT

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Machine Politics and Relief

By Marguerite Young

WASHINGTON, APRIL 2.

A LARGE hot potato rolled into Washington last week from Kansas City. You remember Kansas City. Where on Election Day in 1934 Boss Tom Pendergast's men rode past the polls without license plates and with machine guns bared to the sky; and by night there were many wounded and four dead innocents who had thought they had a secret ballot.

Kansas City where, you probably know, federal authorities were prosecuting 1936 vote fraud scandals when 1938 Election Day rolled around last Tuesday. The federal authorities themselves worked under deadly threats. One of them was awakened by a telephone call at 2 a. m. and, answering, he heard, "You dirty sonofabitch, you better get out of town quick or *you'll* get a bullet in your back."

Kansas City where the *Star,* a southwestern New York *Times,* finds page one news in the sudden closing of the honkey-tonks before sunrise in honor of this year's "clean" election. Where a homecoming gangster snorts disgustedly to the reporters about the low quality of the hot spots. And girls stand behind windows tapping with a coin to signal the sad price . . . tapping on the glass with four bits, two bits, even a dime.

Boss Tom's machine, founded in the Eighties and supreme since 1926, won again Tuesday over an opposition coalition including Democrats, Republicans, and Labor's Non-Partisan League with its affiliated twenty-six union locals. But it was no rout for the League, all things considered. And the League comes out of it with experience that will be mighty useful in summer and fall contests throughout the country, and with proof that Kansas City's "clean" voting was preceded by practices constituting another scandal.

I saw the evidence. It proves that Boss Tom, frightened beyond depending on his control of municipal offices, moved in on the federal work relief apparatus and turned it to Pendergast machine ends that shocked New Dealers in Washington.

Two classic forms of intimidation were used. Votes were bought with federal relief jobs, and votes were coerced with threats to take federal relief jobs away.

Such general charges are not startling. But the batch of affidavits which League officials have laid in Federal Administrator Aubrey Williams's lap are. I will have to make judicious deletions in quoting them, for the affiants made them in peril of Boss Tom's retaliatory power.

Here is one from an intelligent worker—and remember he names names where I leave them out:

> My name is —— and I live at ——. I have been on the W.P.A. this last time since ——, and am still working on W.P.A. at ——. The Assistant Superintendent, Mr. ——, was talking to a number of us workers, and he said he wanted us to go to the polls the next day to vote. He said, "I never tell a man how to vote but I am a great believer in the old adage, 'Never bite the hand that feeds you.'"

And "the hand that feeds you" in Kansas City is not the New Deal federal Democratic Administration in Washington, which supplies the funds, but its local representative, who is mixed up with Boss Tom's machine. This representative at times actually is a known worker for the machine. Indeed, the Missouri State Administrator of the W.P.A. is Matthew S. Murray—who is also Pendergast's City Director of Public Works. Murray gets $8,000 a year from Boss Tom's city administration, and only $6,000 from Harry Hopkins's administration!

Non-Partisan League officials in Washington assert that a great many of Kansas City's administrative relief jobs are filled by ward and precinct workers for Pendergast—and the affidavits prove there is a relationship between them. The Kansas City *Star* reported quite simply: "Sweeping use of political pressure should be no surprise in any organization that is completely in charge of the Kansas City machine. *The whole state organization of W.P.A. is dominated by it. The foremen and timekeepers in Kansas City are machine workers.* . . . Many cities have had vote scandals; but Kansas City went farther than most of them. Several cities have had W.P.A. scandals. It remains to be seen whether Kansas City has outdistanced them." One affidavit now before Washington W.P.A. officials reads:

> On March 8, which was Primary Day, I voted the Coalition ticket, and shortly thereafter, Mr. ——, who is the precinct worker for the machine, came to me and asked me why I voted the Coalition ticket and did not vote for the machine. He informed me that he was going to take —— [the affiant's sole support—ED.] off the W.P.A. . . . It is my information that this was done today. Mr. —— said he was under orders from ——, whose last name I do not know, but he was indicted recently by the Federal Grand Jury.

Sometimes the local W.P.A. executive intimidated directly, while Boss Tom's regular precinct headquarters finished off the job. As one bold worker tells it under oath:

> I was interviewed and signed the application (for W.P.A.) which was okayed last Monday by ——, who stated to me there would be no more W.P.A. employment after the first of April if the machine lost the city election. I was told to go to the headquarters of —— and see the precinct captain's assistant, a Mr. ——, who said he would get me on the W.P.A. He advised me to do my bit and said, "If you will show us you are all right, we will give you employment on the W.P.A."

The backbone of the labor forces in the campaign was the Chevrolet auto workers' union, Local 93; and Boss Tom's boys, using the traditional tactics of striking from within where a frontal attack could not smash the opponent, went right to work among the union men. This is what happened, again in the documented words of a union man:

> I was employed at the Chevrolet plant and continued to work there until —— when I was laid off, with many others. . . . About a week ago I was approached by ——, who I understand is employed by the Police Department and he asked me if I wanted to do some work for the Democratic machine and said there would be money in it for me. I said "Yes" and he explained to me that he wanted me to see Union employees, and he gave me a number of cards containing names and addresses of Union men. . . . He promised me a job on the W.P.A. and gave me a letter dated ——, on W.P.A. government stationery, addressed to me, to register at —— where I secured an identification card. . . . The letter was signed by —— and ——. [Two well-up relief officials—ED.] This job was promised me if I would do the work which he requested. I have known Mr. —— since —— and he told me that he had secured employment on the W.P.A. for 275 men. When he talked to me, I asked him how he knew he could get work for me on the W.P.A., and it was then that he informed me that he had obtained employment for 275 men.

Boss Tom thus offers the New Dealers heading work relief in Washington an opportunity and a test. The Kansas City situation is a culmination rather than a beginning of a problem to which the NEW MASSES pointed some time ago. Then, W.P.A. labor policies that look nice on paper here in Washington were being reversed in practice by local administrations—including the Missouri administration—dominated by reactionary pre-New Deal machines. The authorities here sympathized with complaints that local "two-bit dictators" were influencing local relief officials, but did little. They pointed out what is an unfortunate fact: local appointees by long established patronage practice are approved by state Congressional officeholders, and when the latter are allies of the local machine, they make it tough to put a non-machine man on the job.

"Well, the flagrant violation in Kansas City of the strict rule against the use of relief for political pressure on relief workers offers a chance to clean house," they told me at the League's headquarters. "We, who support the W.P.A. and are fighting to get adequate appropriations for relief, cannot and will not tolerate abuses."

The League—and the League alone of all the coalition forces in Kansas City—exposed and made an issue of Pendergast's hoisting his flag over the W.P.A. administration. Complaints and affidavits were fired into Washington. The

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first few convinced federal officials that here was something warranting investigation. "If any politics is being played," said Acting Administrator Williams, "somebody will be fired." Since then the League has added to the evidence and the W.P.A.'s central division of investigation has directed W.P.A.'s midwestern area head to follow through. The League also is following through.

Confident that labor and progressives next fall will clean out quite a few of the office-holding creatures of major and minor duplications of Boss Tom's machine, the League is mobilizing now to play a leading part next summer and fall. It is picking candidates. Letters have gone to units throughout the country, seeking information, especially data on possible candidates against tories, both Democratic and Republican.

The fall contests are to elect 435 congressmen, thirty-four senators and as many governors, and important mayors and other municipal officials. Although the League's official list is far from complete, some nationally significant choices can be given. It has the hatchet out for the senatorial scalps of Hearst's Democrat McAdoo of California; Republican Davis of Pennsylvania; and Nye of North Dakota, the "independent" who fought Supreme Court reform and joined the Liberty Leaguers' assault on the National Labor Relations Board and the C.I.O. It thinks it has a good chance to beat some of the reactionary Southern Democrats who have united with Republicans against progressive legislation—George of Georgia; and the landlord, "Cotton Ed" Smith of South Carolina. It may support a well known liberal writer agianst Tydings of Maryland; it is busy now on behalf of a rail union leader who is chairman of the Indiana League, and who is challenging Van Nuys of that state. With equal vigor it will battle to return New Dealers faced with reactionary opposition—men like Barkley, the Roosevelt floor leader in the Senate.

Ten powerful Congressmen, most of them Southern Democrats, got the League's solemn warning last month in the form of a bulletin distributed in thousands in the ten's districts. In boldface type in the center of the bulletin the League named the ten who "have consistently blocked wages-hours legislation." They are members of the Rules Committee, which wields enormous power by dictating which legislation shall be advanced and which pigeonholed. "These ten men," the League pronounced, "have shown themselves to be enemies of the American working people." They are Cox of Georgia, Driver of Arkansas, Smith of Virginia, Clark of North Carolina, Dies of Texas, Lewis of Colorado, Martin of Massachusetts, Mapes of Michigan, McLean of New Jersey, and Taylor of Tennessee.

To all forthcoming contests, the League's Kansas City experience bears distinct relevance. For Boss Tom's performance showed a range of reaction's strategies that must be met elsewhere; and the coalition suffered from weaknesses that can be averted elsewhere.

In addition to all this, the League faced the splitting force of President William Green of the American Federation of Labor. He delivered a direct blow by telegraph from Washington in the critical last days of the campaign. It was all the more significant in view of the fact that hundreds of A. F. of L. men in Kansas City locals were supporting the League. Indeed, one of the League's two candidates on the coalition ticket was a past president of the Firefighters' local, A. F. of L., who had been forced out of his job with eighty-odd others for union activity. League forces had picked this candidate partly for the purpose of demonstrating their solidarity with their A. F. of L. brothers. The latter had responded fully: was told by a League representative that the overwhelming mass of A. F. of L. union members supported the League ticket, and several made speeches at League campaign rallies. Yet, just a couple of days before the election, the head of the Kansas City Central Labor Union received the following wire: "So-called Labor's Non-Partisan League is a C.I.O. agency. For that reason we are advising Central bodies and State Federations of Labor to have nothing to do with Labor's Non-Partisan League, but instead to form Non-Partisan Committees of their own. Official communication containing these recommendations will reach you within a few days. (Signed) William Green." Published at once in the *Labor Herald,* the telegram lined Green up not only against the C.I.O. unions, but against the Kansas City rank and file of the A. F. of L., against the railway brotherhoods which also supported the League. It lined Green up squarely in support of a reactionary aggregation whose corruption had been a byword for decades and whose character was epitomized, this time, in the relief-work angle of the campaign.

On reaction's side there was no novel principle. The basic technique was classic. It consisted of the ruthless application of pressure through pre-existing power, as in the relief-work episode, and of efforts to disrupt and discredit the opposition from within. It was the application of the latter part of that technique that was significant. For instance, the traditional "smear" tactic was carried to near-fascist lengths. It included an attempt to create a sort of Black Legion gang within coalition ranks—designed, in the conclusion of coalition leaders, "to create a fear on the part of the voters that we were attempting to foster an intimidation group." First, coalition headquarters was approached privately by an outsider with a suggestion that a "secret" organization be formed to combat possible rough stuff from Boss Tom's side. The coalition emphatically rejected and condemned the idea. But such a "secret" organization soon afterward was discovered by Labor's Non-Partisan League workers, who immediately reported it, enabling the coalition to expose it. Workers invited into the "secret" group had been told that the coalition was doing it! And that the "secret" phalanx would be "deputized" to work at the polls on Election Day!

Last year's campaign in Detroit taught the labor forces the danger of a campaign and program too narrow to embrace full support from labor's progressive middle-class allies. Kansas City showed the danger of the opposite extreme. There, the League was submerged within the coalition—which learned, for the first time, that progressives could not beat reactionaries unless labor plays a central role. The League had only two candidates on the coalition ticket, and coalition put chief campaign emphasis on attacks on Pendergast corruption, vice, tax "kickbacks," and similar proverbial aspects of machine rule, without consistently and directly relating them to the daily lives of the masses of working people.

The League sent a national representative into the field only three weeks before Election Day. It had little expectation of defeating Boss Tom. If its exposure of the relief-work episode bears results, it will demonstrate that labor's mere presence in a campaign can bring direct benefits to the citizenry. And it is difficult to see how Washington's investigation can fail to strike Boss Tom's allies in Missouri's W.P.A.

Martin

Valentine to the Slums

Spring is contemptuous of induced ideals.
Squalor of mud, grime-crusted snow—
Hers is the backyard way of birth.
Malodor of the frame-flats, paintless,
warped in the ice-grip.
"I don't see how they live here during the
winter."
They don't, madam, they retrench. Winter
here is a time for endurance.
. . . They don't live here during the winter, madam.

Spring comes odorously warm:
Tar smells, fresh-sawed lumber on the rattling trucks.
Spring is not contemptuous.
This district understands the backyard way
of birth,
Frost-sharpness, wintry death.
Spring is gentle above the cocoon of joy
opening timorously in these unsheltered
lives:
Sweeter here than any place, where clannish, implike children dam the gutter
rivulets.

RAY SMITH.

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THE FORTY THIEVES

William Gropper

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When Was Hoover Right?

THAT well-known liberal, Herbert Hoover, made a speech the other day in which he announced that the idea of collective action for peace is dead. Herbert, bearing aloft his Diogenes lamp, had just returned from a trip to Europe. He saw all the best people, including Hitler, and studied with deep earnestness Goering's wines and choice meats. And he returned with many precious truths. For example, that the arming of the fascist states is "defensive," that "so far as material things are concerned the average German is today better off than five years ago," that the New Deal is somehow paralleling the steps that led to the triumph of fascism in Germany, and that if we engage in collective economic measures to prevent the fascist aggressors from plunging the world into war, "we would be fostering the worst thing that can happen to civilization, that is, the building up of a war between government faith or ideologies."

Hoover, the tory, has carried one step farther the whole isolationist position of sincere liberals like Bruce Bliven of the *New Republic* and Frederick J. Libby of the National Council for the Prevention of War. He has returned to America to make propaganda, not for isolation, but for *collaboration of the United States with the treacherous Chamberlain policy of aiding the aggressive designs of the Rome-Berlin-Tokyo axis.* And quite logically, he makes this an integral part of the attack on President Roosevelt's domestic policies—of the struggle for the triumph of reaction at home.

But the report of the demise of the idea of collective security is, in truth, a bit exaggerated. Our information from Washington indicates that the State Department and the House Foreign Affairs Committee are being flooded with telegrams and letters demanding that the un-neutral Neutrality Act be revised and that the hearings on the O'Connell Bill and other peace measures be held as originally scheduled. With Spain being overrun by the fascist barbarians as part of their drive for world domination, can the conscience of America, whose own peace and security are threatened, rest at ease?

For a People's Constitution

THE New York Constitutional Convention, empowered to propose a new state constitution or to amend the present one, opened in Albany April 5. Among the 183 delegates a not inconsiderable reactionary bloc hopes to prune down or even eliminate many of the guarantees of civil liberties that make the present document on the whole more progressive than that of many other states.

The Communist Party of New York, through its secretary, Charles Krumbein, has addressed a letter to the delegates urging them to resist the reactionaries and to enact "a real People's constitution." Krumbein pointed out:

> The Communist Party believes that a living, progressive constitution should enunciate certain fundamental guarantees in recognition of the function of the state to assure a decent standard of living for all. It would include guarantee of employment for all who can work, the right to rest and leisure, the right to maintenance in old age or in the case of sickness or loss of capacity to work, the right to free educational, recreational, and cultural facilities, especially for the youth, and the equality of rights for all, without discrimination, in all spheres of economic, state, cultural, social, and political life together with a bill of rights in aid of these functions of government.

A forward-looking constitution can be achieved if the organized labor movement and all progressive groups, in particular those that have been organized in a united front, will exert sufficient pressure on the delegates. They have allies among the progressive Democrats and Republicans in the convention, and particularly among the delegates representing the American Labor Party.

Morgan Boy Makes Good

ROY HOWARD is a sucker for "causes." Didn't the San Francisco *News* take up the Mooney case, dropping it only when the power trust began to buy full-page ads? Didn't he do his best to rid this country of the C.I.O. by hiring Ben Stolberg, expert stoolpigeon, to write a series of articles? Isn't he devoting himself to the crusade of "getting" Gerson, legally appointed office holder? And isn't he unremitting in his attack on the labor movement, the Communists, and the progressives?

This devotion is no easy task. And it is almost too much for one man, even for the proprietor of the liberal Scripps-Howard chain. Last week, Roy Howard persuaded J. P. Morgan to let him appoint Morgan's own crusader, Merlin H. Aylesworth, as publisher of the New York *World-Telegram.* Mr. Aylesworth used to be managing director of the National Electric Light Association, and in the interest of the power trust —one of Morgan's particular pets—Aylesworth bought editorial support through advertisements, bribed editors, and even bought a few newspapers to carry the message. Moreover, he procured valuable publicity by paying economics and engineering professors to supply benedictions for the trust which Aylesworth got into the news releases. In fact, his manipulations moved George Seldes in his book, *Freedom of the Press,* to declare them "the greatest scandal in the history of the American press."

In addition, Aylesworth paid close attention to the contents of text books. He had a way of persuading publishers to censor any statement that the power trust thought critical, and thus high school and college students did not read about the Insull affair. Later, in 1926, Aylesworth left the Electric Light Association to become president of the National Broadcasting Company, where he boosted the public utilities assiduously over the air.

Now Roy Howard, after trying him out on his executive staff for thirteen months, has made Aylesworth publisher of his most important newspaper. He has hired an able man—adept at promoting the power trust, past master of Red-baiting, and (who knows?) a man that can even sell his part-owner, J. P. Morgan, to the American people.

Wall Street's Honor

THE subdued and piecemeal fashion in which the revelations of the Whitney investigation emerge in the newspapers tends to obscure their sensational character. It is pertinent, therefore, to assemble the most recent disclosures.

After the crash of March 8, it was revealed that Richard Whitney had obtained bank loans on $650,000 worth of securities that did not belong to him. Whitney swindled his wife, his stepson, and his sister-in-law, as well as institutions such as the St. Paul's School and the New York Yacht Club. Upon advice of his crafty counsel, Charles Tuttle, Whitney insisted that he alone was responsible, that none had knowledge or suspicion of his crimes; attempting to strike a noble and penitent pose simultaneously.

On March 30, the Attorney General disclosed that Whitney had confided his troubles to his brother George, a partner in J. P.

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Morgan & Co., last November. George Whitney had lent his brother some two million dollars earlier in 1937. But he was so "aghast and very much disturbed" that he gave Richard $1,082,000 more, secured by nothing more than the fraternal handclasp.

E. H. Simmons, a former president of the Stock Exchange, seems to have learned about the Whitney difficulties at the same time. Simmons was the supervisor of a Stock Exchange Gratuity Fund which was in Richard Whitney's custody. The loan from brother George went to repay $221,500 in cash, and $900,000 in securities to the Gratuity Fund.

The audit of the Whitney firm had been inaccurate as early as January 1937, and Whitney began to borrow money on other people's securities as early as 1932, when still president of the Stock Exchange. In this connection, it is interesting that Joseph Frankel, a broker whom Whitney expelled from the Exchange for improper practices in 1933, is now suing him for $5,000,000 damages.

From November 1937 to March 1938, Whitney engaged in financial acrobatics that simply dazzle the ordinary citizen. He borrowed sums as large as $350,000 almost every day, and sometimes two and three times a day, repaying one loan by another. The implications of such a procedure could hardly have escaped the Whitney bankers. From November 10 to February 1, Whitney borrowed close to $10,000,000. During January, brother George again made a "very insistent demand" that Richard quit Wall Street, while Simmons, as well as De Lancey Kountze, of Devoe-Reynold & Co., seems to have shared this opinion. It is therefore clear (1) that many others besides Whitney himself knew of his difficulties many months before he crashed; (2) that Whitney began this swindling years ago; (3) that many Wall Street bankers, including the house of Morgan, must have surmised the implications of his frenzied borrowing. All in all, the Whitney revelations are a superb documentation of—to paraphrase the editor of the New York *Times*—the "unquestionable moral and intellectual integrity of capitalism."

A Mass Party in Mexico

OIL and silver have proved powerless to block the march of the Mexican people toward liberation from foreign imperialism and the threat of fascism. On the heels of President Cárdenas's expropriation of the American, British, and Dutch oil interests has come the formation of a new great party of the people's front, the Party of the Mexican Revolution (P.R.M.), uniting the workers, peasants, soldiers, and middle classes around a program of national independence, social progress, and peace.

About four hundred delegates, equally divided among the four social groups whose interests it represents, attended the foundation congress of the new party in Mexico City during the past week. The driving force in the congress was the Mexican Confederation of Labor (C.T.M.), whose general secretary, Vicente Lombardo Toledano, played the outstanding role in its proceeding. The labor delegates, joining hands with the representatives of the peasants, soldiers, intellectuals, women, youth, and middle-class groups, adopted a program that should strengthen the hand of President Cárdenas in his struggle against imperialist and fascist reaction, and buttress the forces of progress and democracy throughout North and South America. The Communist Party gave full support to the congress and the more than thirty Communist delegates played an influential role in its deliberations.

The new P.R.M. is something more than a substitute for the old National Revolutionary Party, which now ceases to exist. For the first time the governing party of our neighbor republic is a genuine mass party, based on the organized unity of the people, and guided by a clear-cut people's front program. The formation of the P.R.M. strikes a blow at our own pro-fascist economic royalists, but the Roosevelt Administration and all those interested in safeguarding American liberties have every reason to welcome it. Evidence that the Administration, after first attempting to pull Wall Street's and Downing Street's chestnuts out of the oil fire, is now adopting a more conciliatory attitude gives hope that the friendship between the two great North American democracies will be reëstablished on a firmer basis than ever before.

Ickes Hits Out Again

SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR ICKES has once more said a few pointed words on the subject of fascism that will win him no friends among those whom this particular shoe fits. In his speech at Chicago the other day he warned that "fascism is insidiously boring today from within the temple of our liberties. It rides the radio waves, spews from the presses, soars through the air in bombing planes, slinks under the sea in submarines, and crosses the surface of the earth to a chorus of clanking tanks."

And Ickes lashed out at those "who would have us marshal our forces against a barely imaginary danger of Communism while fascism thunders at the gates of our citadels of liberty." He might have added that Communism, far from constituting a danger to democracy, is, on the contrary, in every country seeking to unite the people for the defense and extension of democracy.

The section of Ickes' speech that probably stepped hardest on economic royalist toes was his vigorous reply to the charges of "dictatorship" that have been flung at President Roosevelt during the present fight over the reorganization bill.

> To shout dictatorship when none exists is only to cause confusion. It plays into the hands of the enemy. It detracts attention from the danger that threatens. It weakens our resistance. . . . It is worse than folly; it is, in fact, disloyalty and treachery to our institutions merely for an unworthy political advantage to try to instill in the minds of the unthinking the thought that a dictatorship exists in the United States.

Disloyalty and treachery to democracy—this is the real essence of the big business campaign against the reorganization bill. It is a "stop Roosevelt" campaign—a stop-the-27,000,000-who-voted-for-Roosevelt campaign. It lends additional weight to Secretary Ickes' warning that the enemy is within our gates.

Disrupters of Unity

WILLIAM GREEN and the A. F. of L. Executive Council have worked out a system. Whenever the progressives in the labor movement—be they members of the C.I.O., the A. F. of L., or the Railway Brotherhoods—take a positive position, Green and the council automatically line up with the opposition. Not content with weakening the organized working class on the economic front, the A. F. of L. president has now made clearer than ever his resolve to disrupt it politically.

In every state where Labor's Non-Partisan League has organized, it has won the support of the A. F. of L. rank and file. In many cases, officials of state federations and central labor bodies have accepted leadership in the League. As a result progressive groups in labor—no matter what their affiliation—and in fraternal, church, liberal, political, and other organizations, have rallied into the League.

But William Green is not concerned with the composition of the League. His goal is to defeat any move in which the C.I.O. is involved. It is not a matter of labor and its allies winning a voice in politics; to Green, it is more important to defeat the C.I.O. even if that means defeat of the A. F. of L. membership, even if that policy runs counter to the desires of the majority in the Federation.

And so William Green has spoken for the

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Executive Council once again. He has ordered "all state federations of labor, city central bodies, and organizations affiliated with the American Federation of Labor" to withdraw from the League, and not content with that, to oppose the League's candidates. To make sure, Green further urges the A. F. of L. affiliates to set up their own "non-partisan" political organizations. In other words, smash the solidarity of the progressives and split their voting power.

Green's automatic opposition has been adopted by the Socialist Party, which also officially opposes Labor's Non-Partisan League. It too splits the democratic front. In Michigan, the Socialist Party advocates "independent political action" against the League just as the Executive Council has set up its own political organization to buck the League in California. The result of the Green-Socialist opposition has been to strengthen the worst reaction, as Marguerite Young points out in her article in this issue.

This disruption is the concern not only of labor but of all progressives who see the issue in the coming campaign to be that of democracy against fascism. Green and the Socialist Party big-wigs are against the coalition that defends democracy. Their action gives comfort to the group that wants fascism to conquer in this country and in the world.

"Miracles" in China

General Gen Sugiyama, Japanese Minister of War, flew from Tokyo to Peiping to bolster the morale of Japanese forces weakening before Chinese counter-attacks in Shantung Province, both Japanese and Chinese semi-official reports said today.—*United Press.*

THERE, in a single sentence, is a most amazing commentary on the Japanese war against China. Less than four months after the fall of Nanking, when the American capitalist press and certain fair-weather friends of the Chinese people were announcing that all was over, the Chinese armies in Shansi and southern Shantung have brought the mighty war machine of Japan to a practical standstill. More, they have launched counter-offensives that have recaptured lost positions, and have been harassing the Japanese at so many points that the Tokyo War Minister is compelled to rush to the front to stiffen the cracking morale of his troops. Today, after weeks of fighting, the Japanese command has still been unable to join its northern and southern armies along the Tientsin-Pukow Railway, and on the southern front, in Shantung, it has met defeat after defeat. The news that the Japanese forces have at last, after costly fighting, taken Taierhchwang, north of the Lung-Hai Railway, does not materially alter this picture. Even should they succeed in capturing Suchow, forty-five miles to the southwest, the Japanese would, as is pointed out by General Chen Cheng, head of the Political Training Ministry of the Chinese Military Affairs Commission, still be faced with the Chinese armies in the Tientsin-Pukow area. These would "continue attacks, making Japanese positions and communications untenable."

The secret of the "miracles" that the poorly equipped Chinese soldiers have been performing must be sought not only in their flexible military tactics, but primarily in political developments within China. The recent congress of the Kuomintang Party emphasizes the growing unity and increased spirit of resistance that animate the Chinese people. The election of Chiang Kai-shek as supreme leader of the party marks a victory for that section of the Kuomintang which is bent on an uncompromising struggle against the Japanese aggressors. The decision of the congress to extend civil liberties and create a People's Political Council in which the broadest sections of the population will be represented should serve to involve new millions of the common people actively in the struggle to oust the foreign invader and thereby greatly strengthen Chinese military operations. Both these decisions are in accord with proposals made by the Chinese Communist Party, and the closer relations that have been established between the Communists and the Kuomintang augur well for the future.

The Strange Case of Ken

WE have received the following letter from L. Trommer, a reader of Glendale, L. I.:

Is it or is it not *the* John L. Spivak, formerly of the NEW MASSES, who is listed as one of the editors of the new magazine *Ken,* the first issue of which contains cartoons like the one, say on page 47? If it is, then how come?

Please answer in the NEW MASSES because I am sure many other readers of yours would like to know.

It *is* the same Spivak, and as our correspondent must have noted in reading his signed article, Spivak has not changed his political position. But Spivak, despite the inclusion of his name among the editors of *Ken,* is and has been in no sense an editor of the magazine, and is not responsible for its present policy. Included also among the editors are Paul de Kruif and George Seldes, who also have obviously not concurred in the anti-Communist material that disgraces the first issue of *Ken.* Ernest Hemingway is represented with an anti-fascist article on Spain—and a prominently displayed notice dissociating himself from *Ken's* editorial management. Besides Hemingway's article, there is a good deal of other useful anti-fascist material in the issue. But—

The cartoon our correspondent refers to represents Communism and fascism as twin vultures watching capital and labor struggling below, and is captioned: "The Ultimate Winners." There is also a double-page map of the world called "Carriers of the New Black Plague"—referring to the destruction of civil liberties—in which the Soviet Union, loyalist Spain, and China are represented in black exactly the same as Fascist Italy, Germany, and Japan. There is also a friendly story about Hitler and his troubles in finding a wife; and finally a muddled editorial which talks about the danger of fascism but jumbles together isolationism and anti-fascism in the utmost confusion. All this in a magazine that includes some of the best known fighters against fascism in this country! No wonder our reader is puzzled and asks how this comes about. The explanation is simple.

When *Ken* was projected, a year ago, it was supposed to be an anti-fascist, pro-people's-front magazine. On the basis of this clearly understood editorial policy—and on no other basis—the owners of *Ken* were able to enlist the services, and to announce as editors, Hemingway, Spivak, Seldes, de Kruif, and other anti-fascists. But since then, something has happened to *Ken.* What happened was pressure from the advertising agencies. They demanded a "change" of policy, the change to include Red-baiting. Apparently without a struggle, the owners of *Ken* capitulated. We have seen the prospectus which *Ken* circulated to its advertisers, stating that it would be anti-fascist, anti-war, *and anti-Communist.* Needless to say, the owners of *Ken* took this step, which amounted to nothing more or less than a betrayal, without consulting the well-known writers they had enlisted. Hemingway chanced to learn of the new policy in time to get his disclaimer of editorial responsibility into the first issue. Now George Seldes has resigned.

And that is why it happens that *Ken* is able to present to the world the incredible and false picture of an editorial board the majority of whom are basically opposed to the Red-baiting, anti-Soviet, anti-Communist character of some of the contents.

Such a situation obviously cannot endure. We hope the owners of *Ken* will realize that the way to fight fascism is to return to their original policy of a genuine anti-fascist magazine, eliminating the Red-baiting. We feel confident that those fighters against fascism, writers and artists, who appear in *Ken,* will not be long in making known their demand for a guarantee that this be done.

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FORSYTHE'S PAGE

Lenin in October

AS a bit of general advice I would suggest to my friends, the critics, that they step lightly when dealing with the Russians. I've been telling them that for years, but they still insist on generalizing about a people who are so strange and marvelous and individualistic that they make fools out of anyone who pigeonholes them.

Among the more annoying simpletons who feel they understand the Russian soul are such as Edmund Wilson, who came back from six months in the Soviet Union with sad noddings of the head over the worship of Lenin. Most obviously the deification of Lenin and the lengths to which the people have gone in their affection for Stalin is a plain indication that another form of religion has replaced the old, says Edmund. Lenin's tomb in Red Square is a shrine; the people have found a new god. The real Lenin is being forgotten. Taking his place is a mythical and holy figure who symbolized Socialistic perfection.

The response to this is the film, *Lenin in October,* which treats the great leader as a man who might quite easily have played third base for the Brooklyn Dodgers. The daring of the Russians is perfectly fabulous. They have the courage to do a movie of Lenin in which he appears not as an offstage voice, but in which he moves before the camera as fully and easily as if he were alive and acting in his own film. One error of spirit, fact, or taste, and the fat would have been in the fire. Shchukin, the magnificent actor of the Vahtangov theater, plays the part of Lenin. He walks about with his head cocked to the side and with his hands in his hip pockets or with his thumbs in his armpits. By turn he is irate, kindly, considerate, overpowering. During the course of the film, it is impossible to think that Shchukin is anybody but Lenin. The acting is so perfect, the makeup is so amazing, that the spectator is convinced that Lenin is before him; and yet there is not one maudlin or affected or overplayed scene in the film. He is real right down to the ground. This picture will be seen by millions of people who revere the very name of Lenin, and yet there will be not one who will feel that the memory of Lenin has been lightly treated. Despite the fools who speak of a new Russian god, the millions who love Lenin never think of him as a super-human being. They think of him as a fatherly, kindly man who gave his life for the people, and they are as frank and comradely with his memory as he would have insisted on their being when he was alive. For that reason I think it is the healthiest picture I have ever seen. There is something cleansing and noble about it, just as there is something fine and touching about a visit to Lenin's tomb. The people worship him, yes; but as a lofty, distant figure? Not for a moment. They worship him as a friend, as a companion, as a fellow fighter in the trenches. Think of the venomous nonsense written on this subject by individuals anxious to discredit the Soviet Union!

Certain of the historical scenes in the film have been commented upon, and there has been the usual outcry that Trotsky has been overlooked. But it happens that the incidents used in the film were the incidents of greatest importance in preparing for the Bolshevik Revolution. For instance it is asked why Lenin didn't ask for Trotsky instead of Stalin when he returned secretly from Finland on the eve of the October revolt. The simplest answer is also the most sensible: During Lenin's absence Stalin had been at the head of the Sixth Congress of the Party. What more likely that when Lenin returned to Petrograd he would ask first for the man who had been in charge of the Party work?

There is the further fact that the Revolutionary Committee of the Party which was in charge of the uprising was composed of Stalin, Uritsky, Dzerzhinsky, and Sverdlov. One might think that a committee entrusted with preparing and carrying through a revolution would have had something to do with the matter, but there are critics who won't have it that way. They prefer the romantic rather than the factual story. Trotsky did it all with his little bow and arrow. This is an interesting theory and very attractive to readers who like color in their stories, but it happens not to be the truth. It has taken a long while for history to catch up with romance in the story of the Russian Revolution, and a film like *Lenin in October* does as much as anything to restore the balance.

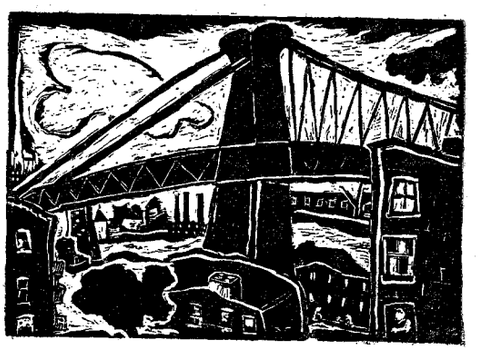
What is most obviously true is that the foreign correspondents who covered the Revolution in Russia were little prepared for their work. The fact that the mention of Stalin's name in 1924 after Lenin's death met with astonishment is the best indication that journalism is still short of perfection. At the very least it might have been felt that a man who was editor of *Pravda,* had been at the head of the Party during Lenin's period of hiding, and had been one of four entrusted with the fate of the uprising might have been known by name to the correspondents. His labors during the Civil War period were well known in Russia at a time when the outside world heard of nothing but Trotsky, the new Napoleon.

Trotsky, in truth, had a good press from the beginning. He had lived on the Continent, had been in America, had been held at Halifax by the British, was an extraordinary orator, a man destined for the limelight. For the foreign correspondents he was ideal—only a year ago he had been living in the Bronx on $17.50 a week, etc., etc. Their interest is easily understood, but it is harder to excuse their failure in estimating the other leaders of the Revolution.

Legends grow up in all countries. The battle of Tannenberg and the Masurian Lakes, which established Hindenberg and Ludendorf, was won only because a key general refused to obey their orders. They were victors despite themselves. (This may be read in Winston Churchill's *The Eastern Front.*) The French Army was only saved from being flanked and overwhelmed in 1914 because General Lanrezac flatly ignored the orders of General Joffre. These facts are not widely known, and may never be widely known, but they are nevertheless true. It is equally true (and military men have declared it so ever since the wars have been studied) that the Bolshevik troops under Stalin won the crucial battle of the Russian civil war at Tsaritsyn. The fact had always been known inside the country, but it had been obscured by stories of the fabulous Trotsky, charging about the land in his private car and snatching the brand out of the fire on five fronts simultaneously.

If a readjustment of historical values is needed today, it is not because Trotsky has ever been slighted. Heaven knows he has had credit for everything he has ever done and for a lot besides. If he is not a prominent figure in *Lenin in October,* that is not to say that he will not one day have a film of his own. It will be a magnificent film, carefully documented, and made only after long research. It will contain everything he did before the Revolution, and everything he did thereafter until his death. *Every little thing.* It will be great. Everybody will be pleased—everybody but the Trotskyites. They would be content to rest on the legends.

ROBERT FORSYTHE.



Sid Gotcliffe

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PROGRESS VS. THE POWER TRUST

Fred Mills

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A Real American Welcome

By Tom Humphries

WHILE cannons roar salutes in his honor, a leader of the loyalists disembarks at New York.

As he walks down the gangway, he waves his hand in farewell to the sailors of the American ship which had been sent to Europe by Congress for the express purpose of bringing him to our shores.

A hundred thousand people mill in the streets, shouting their welcome to the brave fighter for liberty. Colorful flags wave from the office buildings. City officials present him the key to the city.

In Washington the Senate passes a resolution of welcome. An isolationist who fears that it may compromise American neutrality is squelched by the maiden speech of a rising young Senator from Massachusetts.

The loyalist leader pleads for the cause of his people before the City Council. He is invited to speak before the New York Bar, the militia, and Tammany Hall.

Proceeding to Washington, he is met by two outstanding senators. He is given a suite of rooms in a prominent hotel. The government foots the bill. The President asks him to the White House for lunch. He accepts invitations to speak before the House, the Senate, and the Supreme Court.

Senators and representatives tender him a subscription dinner. The Secretary of State joins in a toast to a loyalist victory.

A certain European power whose army has been active in the loyalist's country registers a protest.

Our Secretary of State replies in outspoken language, declaring that the United States will always wish success to "nations struggling for popular constitutions and national independence."

The loyalist leader makes a tour of the country, popularizing his cause and collecting money for his people. He is warmly received in New Orleans, Jacksonville, Mobile, Charleston, Richmond, and Alabama. He circles around to the West.

At Philadelphia he speaks in Independence Hall. The greatest enthusiasm is evoked in New England. He speaks three times at Faneuil Hall in Boston. He is idolized by the people of Concord and Plymouth.

Within a few months he returns to Europe. He has explained the issues at stake in his country to untold thousands. Single-handed, he has collected over a hundred thousand dollars for his cause.

Does it sound like a dream?

It wasn't.

It happened eighty-six years ago—in 1852. But it was not a Spanish loyalist who spoke before Tammany Hall and the Supreme Court. It was Lajos Kossuth, fiery leader of the Hungarian revolution against Austria and the Holy Alliance.

In 1848 the flames of revolt roared through Europe. The middle class stormed at the last strongholds of feudalism. The growing proletarian movement, which had just given birth to the Communist Manifesto of Marx and Engels, made its first bid for power in Paris. The Orleans monarchy crumbled into dust. The Poles rose against the Germans. A republican movement in Rome sent the Pope a-flying. Hungary declared its independence from Austria.

As governor of their new nation the Hungarians selected Lajos Kossuth, seventeen members of whose family had been executed within one generation for liberal opinions. It was Kossuth who had first popularized the secret proceedings of the Hungarian Diet by circulating an illegal hand-written newspaper. As a revolutionary leader in the Diet, he fought for abolition of the entail and other feudal burdens, for taxation of the nobles. He had forced Prince Metternich of Austria, the guiding spirit of European reaction, to grant Hungary a native ministry.

The first task of the new government was to defend its independence. Kossuth organized an army out of raw recruits. For two years the tattered Hungarians fought stubbornly against the experienced Austrian battalions.

Hungary's brave struggle echoed throughout the world and won the sympathy of all who believed in democratic forms of government.

In the United States President Taylor followed the example of Monroe, who in his presidential messages a quarter of a century previous had supported the Greeks in their struggle for freedom from Turkey. He declared to Congress that he "wished to be the first to welcome Hungary into the family of nations."

The President sent a secret agent to Hungary, one A. Dudley Mann, with power to make commercial treaties and recognize Hungarian independence. But before Mann could reach Hungary, the brave struggle was over.

The legions of the Czar had come to the support of Austria. Invading Hungary, they had suppressed the revolution.

Reaction was triumphant in Europe. Workingmen's associations were hounded underground. Middle class liberalism was suppressed.

Kossuth fled to Turkey. In September 1851, came an unexpected ray of hope. The President of the United States had instructed the frigate *Mississippi* to offer him a haven in the great republic of the West.

Overjoyed, Kossuth boarded the *Mississippi* and sailed for the new world. In December 1851, he arrived in New York. History records that no foreigner since Lafayette had ever been accorded such a delirious welcome.

An impassioned orator, Kossuth called upon Americans to remember their own revolution. He won the support of the nation's most prominent men. He was attacked only by the hyper-isolationists and by the slave interests, who objected to his consorting with abolitionists.

It was Austria that protested against his official reception by the United States. The Secretary of State who rebuffed Austria's protest and who toasted Hungarian independence was Daniel Webster.

The Senator from Massachusetts who defended the resolution of welcome against the isolationists was Charles Sumner, the abolitionist who four years later was to speak out bravely against slavery in Kansas and be beaten nearly to death in the Senate chamber by a representative of the slavocracy.

In June 1852, Kossuth sailed for Turin, Italy, where he later joined with Mazzini and Garibaldi against Austrian domination in Italy.

Thus ended a chapter in the history of American democracy, a glorious chapter in which the leaders of our democracy realized that the fight for human freedom extended beyond our own shores.

John Heliker

"I'm sure those who wanted democracy in 1776 were a much nicer class of people."

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SAVAGE SYMPHONY

by EVA LIPS

With an introduction by DOROTHY THOMPSON

Translated from the German by Caroline Newton

The dramatic story of an Aryan scientist who would not yield to HITLER

WHAT happens to scholars—liberals—non-political professionals — when Fascism takes power

?

They coordinate, or else!

This is no news to anyone who has read the papers while Hitler and Mussolini turn the clock back in Europe and try to force the whole world back into the Dark Ages. What is so impossible for Americans to realize is the series of personal humiliations, petty persecutions, and unbelievably gross stupidities by which these power-mad "leaders" seek to win or ruin the intellectuals whose support and prestige they covet.

This is the story of Jules Lips and his wife, who refused to coordinate, and of some of their friends who did not have the courage to say "No."

Professor Lips was the world-famous director of the Cologne Museum. He was 100 percent Aryan, a war-veteran, a scientist who never even thought of politics. All he needed to do to assure himself riches and a prominent position in the Third Reich, was to raise his right hand to Hitler and lend his support as an anthropologist to the Nazi nonsense. His family, his friends, high Nazi officials, urged him to yield. He refused.

Professor Lips is now head of the Department of Anthropology at Howard University. In this simple, day-to-day account of how the Nazis drove him from his Museum, his home, and finally from his country, his wife has written a vivid, personal story that will give a new understanding of the refined horrors of Fascism, and renewed faith in the courage of human beings. And it is a warning to all who think that political indifference or inactivity is any basis for exemption when the dark forces of Reaction take things in their relentless hand.

Random House is proud to publish this book under its imprint.

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Reaction Loses in Duluth

By William F. Dunne

THE Duluth convention of the Minnesota Farmer-Labor Association could be reported with considerable accuracy merely by quoting the headlines of the local Republican Party press just before, during, and after the three-day sessions March 25, 26, 27. They were attended by some thirteen hundred delegates and alternates, and hundreds of worker and farmer spectators, who filled the seats and standing room in the huge Armory looking out over the vast reaches of Lake Superior to the Wisconsin shore.

Inside and outside of the convention were forces working both openly and covertly for a split. This was the first objective of the Republican Party strategists and their agents. The second objective was to exert sufficient pressure through the Hjalmar Peterson group, the bureaucracy of the American Federation of Labor organizations, that of the Railway Brotherhoods, and the Trotskyites working in close unity with these forces, to compel the adoption of a program far to the right and the launching of a campaign of Red-baiting and expulsions.

Not a single one of these objectives was reached. But on Friday, March 25, the Duluth *News-Tribune* had said in its eight-column banner and the two-column and one-column decks that "F-L Girds for Fight at Parley Today; Battle on Red Purge, Other Issues Loom; Women's Meeting Split by Dispute of Two Factions; Old Guard Wins."

Harold R. Atwood, Railway and Warehouse Commissioner, appointed by Hjalmar Peterson while he was Governor, following the death of Floyd Olson, was the choice for reëlection to his present post of the undercover Peterson forces and the right wing as a whole.

The unprincipled character of the opposition forces became clear when they made the question of Atwood's endorsement by the convention an ultimatum which carried with it a threat of a split. Around Atwood every questionable element rallied, although many honest delegates supported him, believing he was the best man for the job. Atwood got the endorsement of the convention by a very narrow margin, and only after he had made both an oral and written statement pledging himself to support the Farmer-Labor ticket from top to bottom.

The vote showed that Atwood could have been defeated easily. He was nominated only by votes of delegates from unions, coöperatives, and Farmer-Labor clubs who are Communists, and by the most conscious and progressive delegations. They voted for Atwood, as they told the convention, for the sake of unifying the convention and the Farmer-Labor Party. A candidate seldom gets the thorough going over that was the lot of Atwood in this convention.

This discussion by the Benson forces was on a high plane. The traditions and struggles of the F.L.P. in the early days were recounted and the attitude of its pioneer organizers and leaders placed in sharpest contrast to the careerist position taken by Atwood and many of his supporters. The close vote was a demonstration for the benefit of these forces that the Farmer-Labor Association has a program and principles that must come before the personal or political aspirations of individuals. The whole procedure on this issue was a political and moral defeat for the Peterson forces in and out of the convention.

Hjalmar Peterson, announcing his intention to oppose Governor Benson in the June primaries, opened headquarters in the Spalding Hotel and flooded the convention with literature. He will run as a Farmer-Laborite, but his main issue—Red-baiting and an attack on the integrity of Governor Benson and the present administration—identifies him with the Republican Party, Hearst, and the Liberty League. One quotation from a Peterson folder entitled "Let the People Decide" and distributed to all convention delegates is enough to prove the above statement:

> The fate of our party is in your hands. The issue is not one of an individual against another. It is Farmer-Labor principles against Communism and Capitol Hill racketeering. The Farmer-Labor Party has been betrayed and must be saved in the June primaries by you farmers, you laborers, you businessmen, and you women of Minnesota who hold the church sacred and the home the keystone to democracy.
>
> I abhor the Communistic teachings of overthrow of government by revolution and the destruction of the church. I would rather be defeated without the support of this un-American element than elected with it. I will not bargain with those seeking to lead us from the principles of our party and our departed leaders. My concern is the fate of our party and the fate of the great liberal movement in Minnesota. We must purge our party of Communists —those borers from within—if we intend to keep it a Farmer-Labor Party.

The Peterson forces did not dare to bring the issue of his endorsement before the convention, and Atwood's desertion of him under the fierce fire of the delegates leaves him more than ever dependent upon support from Republicans and other enemies of the F.L.P. in the June primaries. His defeat is certain.

The reactionary opposition in and out of the convention was no more successful in their efforts to compel a revision of the platform toward the right than they were in their attempts to initiate a Red-baiting drive or engineer a split. The 1938 platform is in full accord with the declaration of principles adopted by the State Conference on March 25, 1925, which is the basis of its program. In this document the Farmer-Labor Association declares

> that the government at present is dominated by the few and its powers are used to serve special interests. Money and credits, market and exchange facilities, the means of transportation and communication and the natural resources and other basic industries of the nation are practically monopolized by a financial and industrial oligarchy, which is in a position to exact tribute from all who live by labor and to keep great masses of people in a condition of unemployment and destitution by manipulating the productive powers of the nation.

The Declaration of Principles further states that the Farmer-Labor movement

> claims to rescue the government from the control of the privileged few and make it function for the use and benefit of all by abolishing monopoly in every form, and to establish in place thereof a system of public ownership and operation of monopolized industries, which will afford every able and willing worker an opportunity to work and will guarantee the enjoyment of the proceeds thereof, thus increasing the amount of available wealth, eradicating unemployment and destitution and abolishing industrial autocracy.

The preamble to the platform adopted unanimously by the Duluth convention says:

> We recognize it as our duty and privilege to propose a platform and adequate program that will materially assist in restoring to the people of the state and nation the right and opportunity of living conditions befitting American citizens. We also realize that in the solution of social and economic problems confronting the state it will be necessary to adopt forceful and vigorous measures to pioneer in the field of economics and make fundamental changes in our social system.
>
> Throughout the world the democratic rights of the people are being threatened and democracy itself is being held up to scorn. International morality has virtually disappeared and militaristic governments are threatening another world war.
>
> In this critical situation, the Minnesota Farmer-Labor Association pledges itself to carry forward the people's demand for democracy, social justice, and peace.

This certainly does not sound like an abandonment of the basic principles of the Farmer-Labor Party, but the Minneapolis *Tribune*, having failed in company with the rest of the Republican Party press, the Peterson forces, and their Trotskyist allies to organize a split from the right, on the day after the convention tried to create suspicion among the progressive rank and file not present at the convention. Its headline said: "F-L Convention Makes a Swing to Conservatism." Its analysis was as false as its predictions had been fallacious.

The platform clauses on peace, civil liberties, labor, agriculture, taxation, social security, education, general welfare, banking, etc., are all of definite progressive character. The clause on peace follows the line of collective security and provides for shipment of needed materials to nations attacked. This clause reads as follows:

> **We advocate coöperation with all forces** genuinely **seeking peace in their efforts to promote** peace; we **are opposed to entangling alliances and to** increased

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armaments; we favor nationalization of all war-munitions plants and the drafting of wealth in time of war; we would prohibit the sale of war materials to aggressor nations; only nations that are attacked shall be permitted access to our resources under conditions that will not involve this country in war; we would forbid American citizens to loan money to warring nations engaged in war or for the purpose of making war; we advocate the defeat of the Sheppard-May dictatorship bill.

In the labor clause "full support and aid" is pledged "to the right of labor to organize and bargain collectively"; support is pledged to all workers "in their struggle for higher wages and better working conditions"; the spy system is condemned and legislation urged to make it illegal. In regard to civil liberties the platform states that "we oppose any attempt to curb or deny our democratic rights and we propose to repeal the Minnesota criminal syndicalism law."

The "swing to the right" is quite evidently only the wishful thinking of the propaganda experts of monopoly capital.

Reaction was repulsed at Duluth. However, a number of pressing problems remain to be met and solved before, during, and after the coming campaign. One of these is the most rapid possible increase in the membership of the Farmer-Labor Association. Without this the acute question of organizational and political discipline will be difficult to handle correctly. The Farmer-Labor Party, especially because it is the administration of a great and wealthy state, has its full share of careerists and worse. Professional politicians lacking anything savoring of principle or loyalty to anything but themselves and various anti-farmer and labor interests, have attached themselves to the party. At least one weekly paper is published by a person who parades as a Farmer-Laborite, and this publication, which indulges in Red-baiting, agitates against the necessity for actual membership in the Farmer-Labor Association in order to be considered a "liberal," which carries on a steady criticism of anything and anybody when it thinks this will serve the special interests of its editor, is responsible to no progressive organization—let alone the membership of the Farmer-Labor Association.

The connections of the Farmer-Labor Party, its committees, and its leaders do not embrace enough sections of the rank and file of the unions—especially of the A.F. of L. unions and the Railway Brotherhoods. This allows a few conservative bureaucrats who maintain connections with Republican Party politicians to appear as the spokesmen of all the rank and file and oftener than not give a distorted picture of the sentiment of the membership.

These weaknesses can be corrected without a great deal of difficulty by the responsible committees and officeholders going directly to the local unions and other membership units with reports of the conventions and explanations of the principles, program, platform, and problems of the party.

No one who was at the Duluth convention can doubt that the Farmer-Labor Party represents the great mass of the workers and farmers of Minnesota. The overwhelming majority of the delegates were actual wage earners and farmers. One could tell by their faces that these were people whose lives had been and still are hard. There was little of the professional atmosphere that saturates Republican and Democratic Party conventions. The workers and farmers who crowded the galleries for two days and one whole night clearly looked upon the convention as theirs.

In the left gallery there were not enough seats, but during the entire convention a long file of at least a hundred people *stood* quietly and patiently back of the seats. One does not often see such things in this country, but here was loyal interest that shamed the careerists who delivered ultimatums until the voice of the worker and farmer delegates stopped them.

The spirit of the Duluth convention probably is best expressed by an interview with a charter member of the Farmer-Labor Party published by the columnist of "Midwest Labor"—official organ of the C.I.O. unions in northern Minnesota:

He is a big, kind-faced Scandinavian.... He looks like a farmer with the gentle furrows of middle age beginning to deepen in his face. "Well, it will be some convention Friday, won't it," he smiled. "You know it's hard to conceive. At our first convention in Roseau County, there were seven of us, hardly enough to go around as officers, but once the idea of the Farmer-Labor Party caught on, it seemed to go like wild-fire. Funny, now it's respectable to be a Farmer-Laborite. People aren't afraid . . . but I remember the days of the Non-Partisan League, that was the forerunner of the Farmer-Labor Party, we were called 'Bolsheviks' and 'Reds.' Vigilante gangs were organized to tar and feather us. In Pipestone County they took out one of our men in a car, tarred and feathered him, beat him until he was crippled, and left him miles from nowhere. In Pine County the same thing happened. At New Prague a young couple rode into town with a Lindbergh banner on their Ford. Lindbergh (the father of the aviator) was one of the 'radicals' of those days. He was running for Governor of Minnesota backed by the Non-Partisan League. A gang of vigilantes attacked the couple and were going to take the man out and beat him up, but he was prepared. He shot into the crowd. He was arrested but acquitted by a farmer jury. They painted Lindbergh's house yellow one night. The papers churned out lies and Red scares day and night. Hundreds of thousands of dollars were poured into Minnesota by large Eastern interests. . . . Every trick of the Red-baiters from the beginning of society was pulled against the Lindbergh campaign and the Non-Partisan League. . . . They told us that free love was being taught in the North Dakota schools where the Non-Partisan League had captured the state offices.

"I have a terrible fear in my heart, a fear that unless we develop a solid front against Fascism, America, like Europe, will be cast into a period like the dark ages . . . but I have hope that our youth will not let this happen. I am proud to be a charter member of a party moving in the direction of progress."

The Duluth convention in a large measure bore out the hopes of all who founded and fought for farmer-labor unity almost two decades ago—and among them were many Communists and more who became Communists in the bitter struggles out of which the Minnesota Farmer-Labor Party grew.

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READERS' FORUM

From Bruce Bliven

TO THE NEW MASSES:

IN YOUR issue of April 5 Earl Browder says that the *New Republic* "has gone over openly to the Chamberlain line (March 30 issue) by advocating rapprochement with Hitler without political conditions." The *New Republic* has done nothing of the sort, and we cannot imagine on what Mr. Browder bases his fantastic suggestion.

I send you this letter with reluctance. There are many matters as to which the *New Republic* and the NEW MASSES are in agreement, and the forces of reaction are so strong at the present time that those who are fighting for a progressive view ought to emphasize their agreements and not their disagreements. We have no objection to honest difference of opinion, or to being attacked because of that difference. What we do object to is repeated misstatement of our position followed by a "reply" to something we have not said. I am sure that such tactics are not effective from your own point of view. It is equally ineffective for Mr. Browder to assume naïvely, as he does in his last sentence, that to disagree with him is to "break down."

Sincerely,
(Signed) BRUCE BLIVEN.

An Answer

Mr. Browder being unavailable in time for this issue, we will make our own comment. The statement to which Mr. Bliven objects is based on the special section *National Defense* in the *New Republic* of March 30, and particularly on the part headed "Toward Economic Appeasement." On page 255 occurs this paragraph, which we regard as the most significant of the entire section:

"The German problem is particularly acute. The Reich is anxious for a trade pact, especially now that an American agreement with Britain is expected; but the State Department has hardly proved receptive. The Department's reluctance is partly attributable to political factors. It realizes that any agreement with Germany would provoke determined opposition among certain sections of the American people. Some officials also dislike aiding the Reich economically so long as the German government pursues an aggressive foreign policy that might end in war. Yet, can we afford to make our commercial concessions dependent on political conditions when we are not prepared to share in the political responsibilities of maintaining peace in Europe? Do not Britain and France conclude trade arrangements with Germany irrespective of political considerations?"

And is not this "advocating rapprochement with Hitler without political conditions"? Mr. Bliven is willing to go the entire distance in his isolationist policy of retreat before fascist aggressors, of conciliating the war-makers. But he objects to having this policy characterized in naked language. This is not misrepresentation, but clarification. We think we do a necesary task—necessary in the general fight against reaction and war—by steadily drawing attention to the fatal fallacies of isolationism. By its own logic isolationism drives its exponents into such a position as the *New Republic* has taken, of advocating rapprochement with the fascists.

Mr. Bliven would undoubtedly deny that he is unfriendly to the Soviet Union, yet he is capable of writing such a piece as his "Letter to Stalin"—also in the March 30 issue. In this document, a *tour de*

WHO WANTS RACKETEERING AND WHY? With a skilful pen, and access to documents and facts open to only a chosen few, the author rips away the veil of secrecy which has shielded the master minds of a menace which has grown far beyond such swashbuckling figures as Sam Parks and Bob Brindell.

LABOR CZARS

by HAROLD SEIDMAN

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force of political ineptitude, he develops most clearly the line an out-and-out isolationist must take in order to justify retreat before the fascists. In a word, he blames the Soviet Union for fascist aggression. The Moscow trials "have made Germany, Japan and Italy more aggressive. It is not at all impossible to say that they may, through Japan's grossly overestimating the internal difficulties of the U.S.S.R., have helped create the decision for Japan to attack China in 1937 rather than at a later time. They did great harm to the People's Front in France, which for this and other reasons was momentarily impotent at a major turning point in European history, when Hitler went into Austria." And so on and so on. Because the Soviet Union cleaned out a gang of fascist spies and wreckers, who were acting in concert with the fascist states' general war plans, the Soviet Union—not the fascist states—is the one to be admonished. And admonish Mr. Bliven does. He outlines a series of proposals for the Soviet Union—up to and including the temporary retirement of Stalin—which would be extremely funny if they were not at the same time an alarming index to the isolationist mind.

We heartily agree with Mr. Bliven that there are many matters as to which the *New Republic* and NEW MASSES are in agreement, and that those agreements should be emphasized. We believe we have done this in the past, and we shall continue to do so. But nothing would be gained if on the central question of peace and how to safeguard it, we did not take the most forthright issue with those who, like the isolationists whom Mr. Bliven represents, are retreating in face of the enemy, holding out an olive branch to the aggressors while denouncing the aggressors' chief antagonist, and thus helping to confuse and disarm the progressive forces in the face of onrushing fascism.—THE EDITORS.

New Light on an Old Menace

TO THE NEW MASSES:

RECENTLY I had occasion to drive through Richmond, Virginia, where the "drang" of the reactionary South was brought home to me in a rather dramatic way. In the most theatrical setting imaginable, mounted with an eye for impressive detail, an ominous billboard looms large over the business district. To the uninitiated its innocent purpose is to inform motorists that safe driving is a civic virtue of the first magnitude. To anyone who has ever boycotted a Hearst paper, however, it becomes obvious that this message is only incidental to the real purpose of the billboard.

To the public spirited citizens of Richmond must go the doubtful honors of discovering a method to can the red herring in the tin of a safety driving campaign. Chambers of Commerce of other cities please note how simply and effectively this can be done: As indicated above, you start with a huge billboard. Have two painters (non-union) print across the top in large blue letters: DRIVE CAREFULLY! Got it? Good. Now on the left side you print a list of the months of the year: JAN., FEB., etc., also in blue letters. Then on the right side of the billboard opposite each month you print in large RED numerals the number of accidents. Finally, beneath all this, in real large and unmistakably red letters you say: WE MUST GET RID OF THE RED MENACE! Simple, isn't it?

How old-fashioned to read Marx and Lenin. How backward to picket, protest, and organize. Just step on the gas and become a Bolshevik!

Hollywood, Fla. JOHN MURRAY.

Mr. Murray's letter illustrates a point that has been brought to our attention before. Red-baiting has long been with us, but this particular type belongs to a class just being born: the identification of radicalism with such things as reckless driving and the use of campaigns against these common evils as springboards to Red-baiting activities. NEW MASSES is interested in receiving from its readers more examples of this sort of thing.—THE ED

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BOOK REVIEWS

Fulfillment of Desire

THE LARGER VIEW, *by Benjamin Kaverin. Translated from the Russian by E. Leda Swan. Stackpole Sons. $2.75.*

KAVERIN'S novel of student life in the U.S.S.R. has helped Mr. Clifton Fadiman of the *New Yorker* and his literary confreres in the book sections of the Sunday *Times* and *Herald Tribune* to stumble upon an astounding discovery. It turns out, propaganda to the contrary notwithstanding, that youth is youth the world over, and that young people under the Soviets love, hate, aspire, study, suffer, and are happy, very much like young people in other countries, including our own.

The Larger View is a soundly constructed, lucidly written, and psychologically well-motivated story. Unlike most Russian novelists, Kaverin does not disdain thrilling plot—love, mystery, crime, intrigue, detection. Yet he is never "sensational"; and the reader is steadily held on a high plane of intellectual and moral interest. The novel concerns itself with the conduct and dignity of a Soviet citizen, with love and friendship, with the drive behind Soviet science, with the complex inter-relations between the older and younger generations, between the individual and collectives, and the receding and emerging forces in Soviet life.

The central characters are Trubachevsky, a student of history, and Kartashikhin, his friend, a student of physiology. Both are members of the Young Communist League, both ambitious, both in love with their work. The difference between the two friends can be traced to the difference in their social backgrounds. Kartashikhin's parents were revolutionists. Their useful lives and heroic deaths in the Civil War leave an indelible impression on the boy and are a constant source of inspiration. Trubachevsky's father is an innocuous clarinet player, quite ordinary, unpolitical, philistine, and completely absorbed in his snug home and his darling son. Kartashikhin's main ambition is a maximum of social usefulness; Trubachevsky's, a maximum of personal glory. Through an intricate series of events, which it would be a pity to divulge in a review, through achievement, disappointment, suffering, and mistakes, Trubachevsky finally realizes that in the Soviet Union excessive individualistic emphasis on fame is not the securest way of attaining happiness.

The Larger View "is hardly a 'Soviet' or 'Communist' novel at all, except in the most general way," reports Mr. Fadiman. "There are [illegible] no politics in it. The motivations [illegible] identifiable with a collectivist as opposed [illegible] individualist society. . . . In essence this story is neither revolutionary nor non-revolutionary." Nonplussed by the scarcity of references to Marx and Lenin, Fadiman attempts a number of surmises: "Perhaps Russians are tired of purely political stories and want something else. Perhaps there has been of late years a definite and sensible relaxation in the Kremlin's official censorship over imaginative literature. Perhaps life in Leningrad is more like life in New York than the headlines would lead us to believe. . . . Very odd . . . very peculiar!"

Halle Hendrix

Sinclair Lewis Urges Ivory Towers For Writers—NEWS ITEM

However, the thrill of recognition which our American critic derives from Kaverin's novel is traceable not only to the "odd" fact that human beings in the Soviet Union are essentially not unlike human beings elsewhere, but also, and I think mainly, to the fact that the novel treats of the N.E.P. period of Soviet life—a period apparently more comprehensible to him than the harshly heroic Soviet present. Mr. Fadiman knows that the scene of *The Larger View* is laid in Leningrad in 1928; he fails, however, to grasp the significance of this detail—hence his wild generalizations and guesses about contemporary Soviet youth, literature, censors, etc. I have before me a printed report of a discussion of critics, novelists, and readers arranged by *Literaturni Sovremionnik*—a literary monthly in which Kaverin's novel first appeared. The opinion of almost everyone present is expressed by the student reader Bauer: "To me and to my fellow students, I am sure, *The Larger View* appeals mainly as an historical novel. I am in my senior year, but even when I first entered the University life there seemed quite different from the life described by Kaverin. Most of the problems that seemed to have disturbed Kaverin's student-heroes have ceased to have any meaning for us."

Bauer, in common with all Soviet citizens, has gone through the colossal experience of two *piatiletkas;* he has seen his country industrialized and collectivized; he has gone through the struggle with the Right and Left oppositions; he has lived through the introduction and abolition of bread cards; he has taken part in liquidating kulaks, nepmen, speculators, diversionists, spies, wreckers; he was present at the birth of Socialist competition and the Stakhanov movement; he participated in the widespread discussions of the draft of the new Soviet Constitution; he hailed its adoption and cast his vote in the democratic elections—in short, Bauer, unlike Kaverin's students, has lived through one of the most significant and stirring decades in human history, and he has in his own way contributed toward the establishment of a Socialist society. Naturally, most of the problems that seem to have disturbed Kaverin's students in the N.E.P. period have lost all poignancy for Bauer and his friends. They live in a different epoch. And whereas to the uninformed American critic this novel seems a representation of contemporary Soviet reality, to the contemporary Russian it appeals chiefly as a fine bit of historical fiction, interesting not only for the realistic picture it evokes of young Soviet citizens a decade ago, but also for the suggestive pleasure of recognizing them in the mature Soviet scientists, scholars, and leaders of today.

We must remember, though, that by 1928 the N.E.P. was breathing its last. The Soviet Union was on the eve of the second phase of

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TO
THE SOVIET UNION
IN 1938

STUDENTS of human affairs have found that, in recent years, their travel map of Europe has changed. Almost half the Continent is the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics which daily assumes a larger role on the stage of history.

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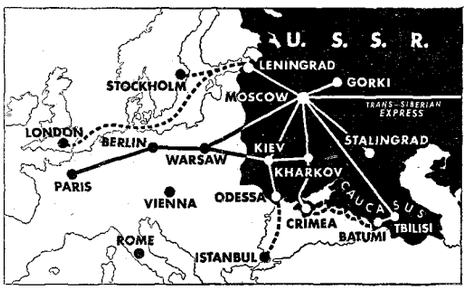

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the revolution. Socialist ideals of life and human relations had already been assimilated by large masses of the population, as Kaverin's novel conclusively shows. And when Mr. Fadiman asserts that the motivations in *The Larger View* "are not identifiable with a collectivist as opposed to an individualist society," he reveals a lack of perceptiveness incredible in a critic of his accomplishments.

Much of this confusion is perhaps due to the incorrect and misleading title of the translation. The original Russian title is *Fulfillment of Desire*. Kaverin has treated the theme implied in this title—man's individuality in relation to Soviet society— in three successive novels which reflect the three stages in his development both as novelist and as Soviet citizen. At first, during the hardships of the early years of industrialization and collectivization, he viewed the clash between the individual and society not only as inevitable but as catastrophic for the individual. Man's destiny was shaped by forces outside himself, and his most intimate desires were always doomed to frustration. (The "Kremlin's official censorship" must have "relaxed" a long time ago!) Then, later, when the pressure of social reconstruction was not so great, Kaverin advanced a step. While he still felt that the individual in the Soviet society of that period was bound to be thwarted, he now maintained that the Soviet present was building the workshop for the creative functioning of *future* generations. Finally, in the years 1935-37, the changes that had occurred in Soviet life forced Kaverin to revise his ideas still further. He had come to realize that the most cherished desire of the Soviet man is to live and work on a scale commensurate with the grandeur of the Socialist epoch. To live this epoch—to serve it with every fibre of one's being—that has been the supreme passion motivating the fliers across the Pole, the scientists on the drifting floes in the Arctic, the scores of thousands of Stakhanovites, young artists, young builders. Looking in retrospect at his own generation of students in 1927, Kaverin now saw them in all kinds of responsible posts, confident, dynamic, with every avenue for further growth wide open before them. In the classless society, these individuals found the fulfillment of their desires in working with the collective for a commonly desired end. By accepting Socialism they had emerged from the kingdom of necessity into the kingdom of freedom. This is the significance of Kaverin's original title and the meaning of his book.

Take Kartashikhin and Trubachevsky. Each exemplifies a distinct type of motivation. Kartashikhin—maximum of social usefulness; Trubachevsky—maximum of individual glory and honor. And the whole point in the novel is that Trubachevsky's individualistic pursuit of glory makes him an easy victim of the anti-Soviet, counter-revolutionary forces personified by Nevorozhin. Trubachevsky's career is almost completely ruined but for the self-abnegating, Communistic K
who advises, helps, and finally r

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Not science for money's sake; not science for personal glory's sake, but science for society's sake, which when properly pursued furthers the advancement of science itself—that is the whole moral of the novel; that is the sole motivation of all the positive characters in the book. Even Trubachevsky, at the end, sees the point, when he goes to the Dnieprostroy in an effort to get closer to the masses of workers, in order to dissolve his exaggerated ego in the fervor of an heroic collective enterprise.

Of course, Kaverin is not "explicit" in his Marxism. He cites no verses and declaims no slogans—he is too subtle an artist for that. But that does not make his book any less revolutionary or any less Marxist. Hatred for everything that typifies the bourgeois, philistine, and decadent in Russia's past and present; love for everything that typifies culture and progress, boundless faith in the beneficent influence of Socialism on the destinies of the individual, permeate the novel. And this is of the very essence of revolutionary Marxism.

JOSHUA KUNITZ.

Anarchist—Poet—Advertiser

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THERE was once a chap called Simias of Rhodes, who flourished around the year 300 B.C. Of the poems he wrote, two or three have come down to us—one about axes, designed in the form of an axe; one about Cupid's wings, designed in the form of wings; and one, presumably by him, in the form of an egg. This last seems peculiarly to have pleased his fancy, for he refers to it lovingly as a "new weft," and to himself as the Dorian nightingale, its twittering mother. Following him was one Dosiadas, who made an altar poem in the shape of an altar; and very much later Vestinius, secretary to the emperor Hadrian, composed a similar piece. It was hard to be original in those days, and it has not been getting any easier.

Centuries from now, some such immortality may attend the memory of Mr. E. E. Cummings, who will be getting what he deserves. The man had certain basic qualifications that a poet needs—tenderness, a fair ear (about as subtle, for example, as Swinburne's), imagination, invention, and wit; what he lacked was control, balance. He did not know how to, or would not, exorcise his faults and exercise his virtues; and since, like Swinburne, he was also profuse, his bad tended to get worse and his good no better. In spite of occasional foppish neatness and elegance, he was, on the whole, a sloppy poet. Sensitive to the character of his time, and almost morbidly susceptible to its temptations, he accepted and asserted, even while berating, the "ideals" of his day. Thus the arts of advertisement and the insistence on difference led him into proclamations ex-

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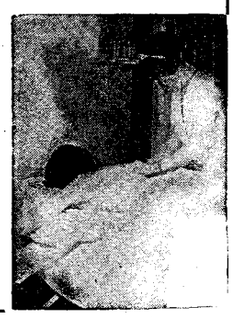

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cessive both in number and style, and in his frequent appearances as a curious poet, the poet was obscured by the curiosity and the curiosity deadened by repetition. The public, gradually becoming instructed to regard nouns as fact and adjectives as advertising, could not be indefinitely beguiled by his display of adverbs, parentheses, quotes and unquotes, however pyrotechnic; and his layouts tended to have interest mainly for the idle hour, the inferior imitator, and the more esoteric journals of the literary trade. A poet by no means freak or fool was put in the middle; the struggle between advertising man and anarchist was a tight squeeze.

For Cummings was also always an anarchist. His first book, *The Enormous Room,* indicated a philosophy from which he never fled: any kind of underdog was all right with him, any kind of government or authority impossible. He identified himself with children, beggars, and whores; and pooped all over Boston, Harvard, upper-class Americans, and clean, upstanding, well-dressed boys from Yale. He would write with sympathy and insight of a sleepless fellow at a window thinking it must be nice never to have no doubts about why he put the ring on his wife's finger, and really nice never to wonder whether the damn rent's going to be paid. He would write with almost sentimental admiration of the smiles and the (very) fine eyes of Communists when they were being outnumbered fifty to one and beaten up by the French gendarmes. But if it ever looked to him as though Communists might stand some chance of organizing the world, he would turn right around (though always fixed to the same base, like a weathervane, or a revolving statue) and say that every kumrad (sic) was a bit of quite unmitigated hate, or that economic security was a curious excuse in use among purposive punks for putting the arse before the torse, or that if anybody don't know where his next meal's coming from I say to hell with that, or that Ever-Ever land was a place where everything's simple and known: and so on.

This kind of anarchic philosophy, though it can be occasionally turned to advantage by revolutionaries, is nothing for them to adopt; in its own essence it is a counter-revolutionary principle. The acid it employs is used only as long as institutions do not crumble under it; it has no real intention of destroying them. Moreover, its rule of thumb is entirely too simple; how is it supposed to work, for example, if the underdog is rabid? What if revolution triumphs over reaction, light over darkness, good over evil, life over death? Where the idea is that nothing triumphant can be good, it surely follows that nothing good can be triumphant. And since anarchy, in this sense, does inhibit life, it is bound to inhibit poetry. Where discipline is adventitious rather than essential, the poetic result is as apt to be the product of luck as of determination; but that is no true art which has its foundation in simple or complex caprice. (At the same time, aspirants to poetry should be warned that membership in a responsible and disciplined

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political organization by no means guarantees an automatic transfer of values, or renders them immune to the infections of anarchy when they invade the esthetic field. Still, it ought to help.)

This is getting pretty serious; it might be better to dismiss the subject with a selection from Cummings, not his most characteristic, but his most amusing derisive best—

my specialty is living said
a man (who could not earn his bread
because he would not sell his head)

squads right impatiently replied
two billion public lice inside
one pair of trousers (which had died)

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DANCER IN MADRID, *by Janet Riesenfeld. Funk & Wagnalls.* $2.50.

BOTH of these books are written by women who went to Spain with a complete lack of interest in social questions and within a few months were transformed into passionate pro-loyalists. The degree of political consciousness into which they were shocked is to some extent in proportion to the gravity of their experiences—Miss Riesenfeld's in Madrid, Mrs. Johnstone's in the tiny village of Tossa, near Barcelona—but their responses also typify such differences in temperament as are represented by the heroic versus the comic outlook on life.

Nancy Johnstone is inflexibly equipped with modern English humor, the main ingredient of which is a firm intention to find everyone slightly and enjoyably mad. She and her husband Archie, a newspaper man, on the strength of a small inheritance and an old desire to run a country pub—"the journalist's dream"—determined to build a hotel on the Costa Brava, with "no stuffed shirts allowed." Everyone involved in the building of the Casa Johnstone is quaint or maddeningly boring or eccentric, and the whole adventure is a very jolly rag indeed. To Mrs. Johnstone people exist in so far as they provide material for anecdotes; her art is that of the caricaturist. All the same, the story is entertaining and well written enough, and underneath her veneer the author's observation is sufficiently sharp to give a convincingly depressing portrait of the English guests and to bring out vividly the dignity, unaffectedness, and courage of the Catalans. The best parts of the book deal with native life in Tossa, which includes such people as the innkeeper Rovira, who turned away guests in a Rolls-Royce because they were "too rich."

Casa Johnstone was overflowing with guests and success when the war broke out. Mrs. Johnstone felt that Tossa was too small a place to be in any great danger and re-

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fused to be panic-stricken, like her guests, into escaping on the destroyers the English government persistently sent after them. The destroyers and their officers irritated her with their assumption that she was surrounded with ravening monsters; and the natives were no less amazed at the stampede, inquiring, "Surely they're not afraid of us?" "But the English navy," said the garage man with a shrug, "it is always so hysterical!" When the Johnstones thereafter began to read in the English press that they were trapped among wild Bolsheviks, howling outside for their blood, while the rebels were trying to arrive in time to save them from a terrible fate, both their convictions and their determination to remain in Spain hardened. A government run by the sort of people around them struck them as a fine idea. When last heard from, Casa Johnstone was still open and a center for war correspondents.

Miss Riesenfeld is a less accomplished writer than Mrs. Johnstone, but she is also far more of an artist. A well-known dancer, she left for Spain with two purposes, to give a series of recitals and to marry a Spanish landowner she had met in California. She reached the frontier just as it was closed and managed to get through with the connivance of an American war correspondent. Once in Madrid, she was swept away by the emotions of that heroic city; her association with fellow artists and her warm sympathy with working people brought her inevitably into the orbit of their profound convictions.

This is the book of a true artist, with an artist's instinctive response to life and beauty and horror of barrenness and death, and her descriptions of casual conversations and the faces of people are as ardent in their significance to the worldwide battle fought in Madrid as the more obviously dramatic accounts of bombardments and the mass benefits in which the artists performed hour after hour, while the people cheered them and wept and sang. The story of Madrid is a great heroic poem, and Miss Riesenfeld brings to it sufficient depth of perception to overcome her inexperience as a writer. Some of the book reads like a not very good novel in which the characters are all too black and white. It is perhaps an irony that the story is true; that her fiancé stood with his own class to the extent of endangering her life by placing a fascist spy in her home; that following her decision that their ideologies were growing too disparate for them to trust each other, the man was arrested and shot for treason.

Miss Riesenfeld left Madrid an emotionally adult and politically educated person; Mrs. Johnstone, at the close of her book, is still the inexorable wag. But for both women, the issues before them and the necessity of choice were made impelling. When one considers the wide disparity of their approaches, it becomes very clear that even to the politically illiterate, to see those issues in operation is to experience a revelation of the true forces at work in our time.

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SIGHTS AND SOUNDS

Eighth Gothic Tale

THE nostalgic aura of *Un Carnet de Bal* ("Dance Program," literally, but shown under the Hollywoodized name of *Life Dances On*) reminds one of a lugubrious German romance of a hundred years ago, or perhaps, the eighth gothic tale of Isak Dineson. This literary quality is not a new thing in the movies, but it has never been done with such grandeur as in the French extravaganza now at the Belmont.

The mechanical plot concerns a beautiful widow who seeks out the seven men who danced with her at her first ball, twenty years before. In a series of episodes, she finds them. One is dead, a suicide because of her. One is a shady night club proprietor, the next has become a monk, another has become a small town mayor, another an Alpine guide. The brilliant medical student she knew is now an epileptic doctor, and one has become a contented hairdresser. The last is dead.

The actor's holiday provided by the story is realized with extraordinary brilliance by Marie Bell as the widow, Harry Bauer as the monk, Raimu as the mayor, Fernandel as the hairdresser, Francoise Rosay as the demented mother of the suicide, Louis Jouvet as the night club manager, Pierre-Richard Villm as the Alpine guide, and Pierre Blanchar as the doctor. The theme of the story is not, as another reviewer has said, a realistic picture of bourgeois decay under fascism—far, far from it. It is merely the tale of a heartbreaker and the hearts she has broken. Except in the overwhelming interlude with the doctor, there is no trace of a suggestion that these transmutations and degradations have been socially caused.

Pierre Blanchar, whom we saw as Raskolnikov in *Crime et Châtiment,* leaps with his performance as the doctor into the first rank of living actors. The sequence in his office with a great crane clanking outside; his mistress cringing behind a curtain; his hideous blind eye drooping; the fierce disinterestedness of his conversation; the whole thing photographed on an angle so that the actors walk around in mad imbalance; the sudden beginning of an epileptic fit, is as shocking and impressive an effect as the cinema can contrive. I thought of Dostoievsky's *Idiot,* of Zola's *Human Beast.* The audience collapses after his scene.

What a superior medium is the movie! Psychological crisis in an expert novel can be gripping and unforgettable, but in the motion picture, it penetrates, becomes a very part of personal experience. Blanchar's work can be compared with very few film performances—I can think of only Peter Lorre in *M,* to measure it in intensity.

The expert director, Julien Duvivier (now a sub-sub-assistant-assistant in Hollywood) brings out the other French stars in fine passages. Harry Bauer as the monk, Raimu as the philosophic mayor, and Francoise Rosay, who was the Burgomaster's wife in *La Kermesse Heroique,* play to perfection. Jouvet, the most illustrious of them all, does not have a good role, nor does Robert Lynen, now sixteen and past his prime.

Un Carnet de Bal is a grand stunt, a *tour de force,* an anthology of very fine cinema acting, enough to suffice for the triviality of the theme.

The *femme fatale* is a preoccupation with French film makers. In *The Tender Enemy,* she has caused the death of three lovers, a lion tamer, a young ship's officer, and her rich husband. The three come back as gallic ghosts to haunt her daughter's engagement dinner. They compare their stories in flashbacks. How the ghosts interfere to save the girl's happiness comprises a mildly amusing comedy.

Another dangerous gal is Nina Petrovna, a Russian enchantress, who nearly breaks up the Austrian army. *The Lie of Nina Petrovna* at the Filmarte gives us a much younger Fernand Gravet, since a victim of Hollywood. Isa Miranda as the lady is of the Dietrich school, but she isn't up on her homework. Nina's fib was hardly worth telling, much less making a movie of it.

Hannes Schnieder and Leni Riefenstahl made a thrilling picture called *Ski Chase* in 1931, and it is now being shown at the Fifth Avenue Playhouse. Mr. Schnieder is now in an Austrian jail because he happens to be a Jew. Leni is now Hitler's favorite movie producer. *Slalom,* made later and shown here last year, was a better picture, but this one has excitement enough. No Nazi connections to the film.

Hollywood bats .500 this week. *There's Always a Woman,* plot disinterred from *The Thin Man* pigeonhole, is a very comical story of a detective and his nosy wife, done to a fine turn by Melvyn Douglas and Joan Blondell. Some blessed inmate of the Columbia studios has filled in the situations by looking at life instead of the previous movie. *There's Always a Woman* is my suggestion to end the double-billing menace, because it contains a first-rate comedy situation and a mysterious murder in an hour and a half. Miss Blondell knows her way around in these farces, and Melvyn Douglas is an elegant straight man.

The weak side of the ledger is *Her Jungle Love,* and shouldn't that be enough of a description? This gaudy nursery rhyme of the southern seas features Dorothy Lamour, her tailored sarong, the late chimpanzee, Jiggs, and Ray Milland. Among southern C pictures it is distinguished by technicolor and the evident embarrassment of the cast. I left Lynn Overman off the billing because revealing his presence in this film would be doing him a dirty trick.

The Divorce of Lady X is an English technicolor comedy of wit and pleasantry. Merle Oberon, Lawrence Olivier, and Binnie Barnes are in it. Miss Barnes and Ralph Richardson as a sillyawss lord win the gonfalon for laugh incitement. A fox hunt in Buckinghamshire and the opening shots of a London fog are apparently the only good reasons for technicolor; the rest is urbane interior comedy. The

Recently Recommended Plays

Prologue to Glory (Maxine Elliott, N. Y.). Federal Theatre production of E. P. Conkle's play about Lincoln's early life, the affair with Ann Rutledge and his first steps away from the life of the New Salem country store.

Haiti (Lafayette, N. Y.). Rex Ingram plays the lead in this stirring tale of how one of Toussaint L'Overture's generals foiled Napoleon's attempt to restore slavery in Haiti.

One-Third of a Nation (Adelphi, N. Y.). The current issue of The Living Newspaper, headlining the lack of adequate housing for President Roosevelt's 33 1-3 percent, and emphasizing the need for action. Thoroughly documented, witty, and admirably produced.

The Shoemaker's Holiday (National, N. Y.). Alternating with *Julius Caesar* and produced by the Mercury Theatre, Dekker's play represents with vigor and authority the Elizabethan love of life. A bawdy and lusty comedy that must be seen.

Recently Recommended Movies

Lenin in October. The reincarnation of Lenin by Boris Shchukin is of magnificent fidelity and regard to detail. Made for the celebration of twenty years of Soviet power. A triumph in theater art.

Generals Without Buttons. A masterful study of child psychology with a vein of anti-war satire running throughout. A French production.

Mad About Music. A musical with Deanna Durbin. The first musical in a year of Tuesdays from which you could drop the music and still have first-rate entertainment.

The Adventures of Chico. An animal picture by the Woodard Brothers of Mexico. Authentic photography; a rare and beautiful picture.

The Adventures of Tom Sawyer. Mark Twain's story of kids on the Mississippi, now in technicolor.

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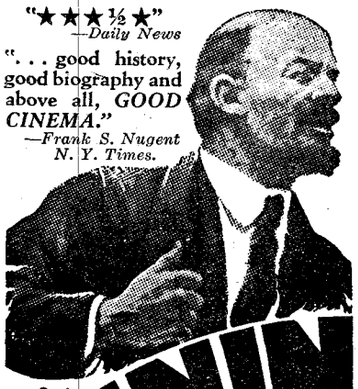

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For the nerve and muscle of the sculptor that in this show seems so nakedly reactive to the day's agitations has not lost, in the months of execution, the original sight of the destruction and sacrifice and waste in *Spain, 1936,* for example, in the *Fallen* among the Austrian workers, 1934. The sculptor not only makes you aware of this waste, he makes you participate in some action to stop it now. You are not only wrenched (until you hear the cracked neck) by the *Lynching* protests with the *Workers' Dance Group,* but you march with *Longshore Pickets,* sing with *Workers' Song.* Your own feet march, your own mouth opens, your own arm goes up in immediate sympathy. You become conscious, not only of the agitations today. Through pieces like the symbolistic Colonial *Liberation* and the lyrical *Boy David,* a tribute to the intellectuals and artists fighting in the Abraham Lincoln Battalion, you know also its directions. *Let them be ashamed and terrified of me, all my enemies,* is inscribed on the *Boy David* in Hebrew characters.

It is this sense of direction that animates the tensions of Werner's work. His pieces not only exist in space but go out into it.

In all the variety of material and style there is a simple line which Werner has frankly exposed by the chronological order of his work. This line moves from the simple, sound solidity of *Young Bull* and *Head of a Taxi Driver* to the nervousness of *String Quartet* and *Man with a Scythe,* where the forms are split up and fling off from the center with the expressionitic force of Hindu Vishnu figures. There is an insistence on liberating the marble and wood, so to speak, giving them air, space, light. In fact, in Werner's impatience to set down at once the feverish changes about him, he seems to be relinquishing stone and wood for the faster medium of direct plaster, of which his latest pieces are made.

There is refreshing relaxation in the lighter conceptions like *Up You Go, Little Goat Sleeping, Swing Trio,* and *Circus Horse.*

Not all the pieces are executed with uniform success and the achievement is not always consistent, but the novelty and variety of his honest experimentation and the bold-

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Chekhov Revival

CHEKHOV'S *Sea Gull* was a dismal failure when it was first shown in St. Petersburg in the Nineties of the last century. It took the Moscow Art Theater to make a signal success of it the following year. That theater's triumph was due not only to superb directing and acting, but to Stanislavsky's and Danchenko's deep understanding of Chekhov's peculiar dramaturgy and their uncanny sensitiveness to Chekhovian atmosphere. The point is that Chekhov's plays are plays of mood, delicate nuances, subtle lyricism, nostalgia, frustration, reminiscence, regret. The slightest crudity in direction, acting, or scenic design works havoc with a Chekhov play. One wrong note and the whole thing comes crashing down.

Now the first impression of the Theater Guild's production of the *Sea Gull* is rather favorable. The sets are good; the acting is good; Stark Young's translation seems to be good. Yet by the time the last curtain falls, the impact, on the whole, is weak. And it is weak not because the play is dated; on the contrary, to contemporary Americans, the futile, hopeless, thwarted, aimless people on the stage are not alien. They are recognizable. We have seen them amongst us. Whatever the cogency of Chekhov's plays against a Soviet background, in our society they are still supremely vital and significant. Why, then, the weak impact of the *Sea Gull*? The answer has been supplied by most of the reviewers in the daily press: the two main characters, the actress Irina Arcadina and the novelist Trigorin, are completely misinterpreted and vulgarized by Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt, especially the former. Miss Fontanne is an excellent actress, and she plays her part with farcical gusto. But somehow one does not recognize Chekhov in it; it violates the spirit of the play. It is the wrong note that destroys that special quality so elaborately developed by the other actors.

J. K.

Dance Farewells

TWO dance troupes of considerable note made their farewells at Carnegie Hall the earlier part of this month, and to overflow audiences. Kurt Jooss, who has always been a popular favorite here, is returning to Dartington Hall, England, which has been the German's home ever since Hitler started burning books in the Reich. Shan-Kar, who

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definitely became an American dance cult, has sailed for India, where he is establishing an Indian school of art. Jooss will not return to New York till 1940; Shan-Kar will be gone for at least five years. The Indian dancer is distinctly the greater loss.

Kurt Jooss, since his 1933 presentation of *The Green Table,* satire on double-crossing imperialist diplomacy, has been in a steady decline. There was the Bible story of the return of the prodigal, with all the defeatist overtones inherent in the script, then *The Mirror,* asking for social-democratic class collaboration, and finally a fairy tale, *The Seven Heroes,* in which a man is reduced to the level of the lumpen proletariat. Right now, Jooss is pretty much in a tailspin, with no bottom in sight. His exile from Germany has only served to develop the cynicism which was evident even in *The Green Table.* The changing picture in Europe, however, the intensification of the fascist drive against democracy, should change the temper and the nature of his work. If it doesn't, nothing will.

Shan-Kar is an exquisite performer. The delicacy of his movement, the naïveté of his composition, the brilliance of his rhythms have always been a pleasure to the dance audience. They are qualities which grow on a person, become more familiar and gratifying with repetition. Shan-Kar is an artist literally to his finger tips. New York will miss his peasant pantomimes, so reminiscent of our own curious jazz folk forms, his Hindu religious dance plays, and the intriguing and exciting exotic rhythms of his music. And with him will be missed such beautiful dancers as Simkie, Madhavan, and Robindra—and that magician at the strange Hindu instruments, Vishnudass Shirali. OWEN BURKE.

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"Thomas Jefferson." The life of the American revolutionary leader will be dramatized, Sat., Apr. 9, 9:30 p.m., N.B.C. red.

Artur Rodzinski. Mr. Rodzinski will conduct the N.B.C. Symphony Orchestra, Sat., Apr. 9, 10 p.m., N.B.C. red.

China. Pattie Field, first American woman sent abroad as Vice-Consul, will contrast pre-war and present diplomatic life in China, Sun., Apr. 10, 11:30 a.m., N.B.C. red.

Austro-German Election. A summary of the results of the Austrian plebiscite will be presented in an international broadcast from Vienna, Sun., Apr. 10, 6 p.m., N.B.C. blue.

Questions Before Congress. A representative will discuss current problems before the House, Tues., Apr. 12, and a senator those before the Senate, Thurs., Apr. 14, 4:45 p.m., C.B.S.

Health Education. A talk by Dr. W. W. Bauer, Wed., Apr. 13, 2 p.m., N.B.C. red.

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NEW MASSES
Literary Section
EDITORS: MICHAEL GOLD, HORACE GREGORY, GRANVILLE HICKS, JOSHUA KUNITZ
NEW MASSES, APRIL 12, 1938, VOL. XXVII, NO. 3. NEW YORK, N. Y., IN TWO SECTIONS, OF WHICH THIS IS SECTION TWO

Edmund Wilson's Globe of Glass

By Joseph Freeman

"Where is the world?" cries Young, at *eighty*—"Where
The world in which a man was born?" Alas!
Where is the world of *eight* years past? *'Twas there*—
I look for it—'tis gone, a globe of glass!

—*Byron.*

READING Edmund Wilson's current book * you will be tempted to think of *Axel's Castle,* his first collection of literary essays, published in 1931. That was the most impressive appreciation by an American critic of Yeats, Valery, Eliot, Proust, Joyce, and Gertrude Stein, and it raised basic issues. The Symbolists had withdrawn from the life of their times and Wilson knew the reason why. In the utilitarian society produced by the industrial revolution and the rise of the bourgeoisie the poet seemed to have no place. Already for Gautier's generation the bourgeois had become the enemy, and one took a lively satisfaction in fighting him. By the end of the century, the bourgeois world was going so strong that, from the viewpoint of the poet, it had come to seem hopeless to oppose it, so the poet retired to Axel's dream castle, seductively described by Villiers de l'Isle Adam, or fled to Africa like Rimbaud.

Through the leading figures of the Symbolist school, Wilson managed, almost wholly in literary terms, to state the dilemma of the modern bourgeois writer. He argued that the writer who is unable to interest himself in contemporary society either by studying it scientifically, by attempting to reform it, or by satirizing it has only two alternative courses to follow—Axel's or Rimbaud's. If you choose Axel's way, you shut yourself up in your private world, cultivate your private fantasies, encourage your private manias, and ultimately mistake your chimeras for realities. If you choose Rimbaud's way, you try to leave the twentieth century behind to find the good life in some country where modern manufacturing methods and modern democratic institutions do not present any problems to the artist because they have not yet arrived.

Wilson's own choice was to reject both Axel and Rimbaud. He was convinced that the writers who had largely dominated the literary world of the decade 1920-30, "though we shall continue to admire them as masters," will no longer serve us as guides. He saw the effects of the war upon Europe and saw, too, that American complacency was giving way to a sudden disquiet, and that both Europeans and Americans were becoming "more and more conscious of Russia, a country where a central social-political idealism had been able to use and to inspire the artist as well as the engineer." Wilson's studies in Symbolist literature thus led him to raise the old question "as to whether it is possible to make a practical success of human society, and whether, if we continue to fail, a few masterpieces, however profound or noble, will be able to make life worth living even for the few people in a position to enjoy them."

This attitude was very much in the American air when Wilson's first book of essays appeared. The economic crisis had predisposed our writers to revalue everything; old beliefs had collapsed with prosperity, and among the debris you could find fragments of the ivory tower, Axel's castle, and maps to far-off exotic countries. The Marxists also applauded Wilson's book; they appreciated his belated performance and were glad that after his own fashion he had arrived at some of their own cherished beliefs.

At the same time they observed that in discussing the Romantics and the Symbolists Wilson had taken into account neither the French Revolution, nor the class struggles following it, nor the Socialist movement they produced, nor the literature inspired by Socialism. Long before the war and the Russian Revolution, Marxian writers of every country, including America, had repudiated the Symbolists and their exotic dreams. For them Shaw, Wells, Sinclair, London, and Gorky had long ago demolished the ivory tower and Axel's castle. Their guides in society were neither Valery nor Proust, but Marx and Lenin. They supported the October Revolution from the start because they believed in its aspirations, and did not have to wait for the collapse of capitalist economy and the success

* THE TRIPLE THINKERS: Ten Essays on Literature: by Edmund Wilson. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.75.

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the Five Year Plan to reassure them they were backing the right horse. Out of this attitude they developed Socialist theories of literature.

Marxian criticism of this period had the advantage of describing the setting of the most important *social* conditions which shaped men's ideas and imaginings; its disadvantage lay in making history overshadow literature; it deduced the literary result from the historical setting. Wilson's book followed the method of induction; he moved from literature to history. The Marxian critics started with an indictment of capitalism and pointed to the great contemporary writers as examples of its decay. Wilson began with a detailed literary analysis of the great modern writers and in this way showed their inadequacy as guides for the stormy period opened by the Thirties. The advantage of his literary method lay in its emphasis on the most important *literary* conditions which shaped the ideas and imaginings of writers he discussed.

In 1930-31 the economic crisis was destroying the barriers between the small literary sect which had grown up around the Communist movement and the middle-class writers who lived or week-ended in Axel's castle. Many of these now went to Harlan, defended political prisoners, supported strikes, and filled their writings with references to the social conflict, the decay of capitalism, and the promises of Socialism. Thereby the literary left ceased to be a small sect and became a force in national letters, art, drama, the film, and literary journalism. Wilson became a member of this new movement. Rejecting Proust's cork-lined room, he plunged into the United States, describing strikes, breadlines, senatorial investigations, political gatherings; he got to know the American Jitters first hand and also the new promise of American life. He was beginning to see the world with the eyes of a writer studying Marx, though not as assiduously as he had once studied Joyce.

Yet he already evinced in print a curious trait. Like the English princess who thought sex far too good for the common people, Wilson thought Communism was too good for the Communists. Here, he said in effect, was a wonderful idea in the hands of inferior men; let us take Communism away from the Communists.

Subsequently he was impressed by his contacts with active Communists in the industrial areas, the "new kind of man in the radical labor movements" who belonged to the younger generation. In January 1932 he published a very moving declaration of faith in which he tried to explain why he accepted Communism. He was now giving specific shape to the general conclusion he had reached in his first book of essays, and he did so with remarkable candor. He stated frankly that he was a bourgeois and still lived in and depended on the bourgeois world, but had certain interests in common with the proletarian Communists: "I, too, admire the Russian Communist leaders, because they are men of superior brains who have triumphed over the ignorance, the stupidity, and the shortsighted selfishness of the mass, who have imposed on them better methods and ideas than they could ever have arrived at by themselves." He was thus enthusiastic not about a people's revolution, but about a leader's revolution imposed from above on the dumb people. As a writer, he said, he had a special interest in the success of the "intellectual" kind of brains as opposed to the acquisitive kind; his satisfaction in the spectacle of the whole world fairly and sensibly run as Russia was now run, would more than compensate him for any losses that he might incur in the process. Needless to say, his temporary enthusiasm never led him to join the Communist Party.

The literary left, which as a rule does not read the writings of converts carefully enough, was so pleased with this declaration of faith that it ignored the obvious seeds of disaffection it contained. However, the *New Masses* at that time did criticize Wilson for underestimating the creative power of the masses: "He conceives of the Soviet system as something imposed on selfish, ignorant louts by a few superior 'intellectual' brains. He forgets that while the Bolsheviks have led and directed the revolution, they have done so as the advance guard of the working class." What was most important at that moment, however, "was the positive element in Wilson's declaration; it revealed that under the pressure of the economic crisis certain honest intellectuals have begun to see the true relationships of capitalist society, and the correct way out; it now remains for them to translate their faith into works."

Through 1932 and most of 1933, Wilson followed those intellectuals who moved leftward. By the end of the latter year certain renegades from Communism opened their campaign against left writers, and Wilson fell under their influence. He reverted, perhaps, to his first snobbish feelings; Communism was a wonderful idea in the hands of inferior people; there were "superior brains" ready to take it away from them, men once more able to triumph over "the ignorance, the stupidity, and the shortsighted selfishness of the mass." These superior brains were led by Leon Trotzky; that was why the inferior Communists attacked him.

It was partly in this frame of mind that Wilson went to the Soviet Union. As a young man, embittered by the war, he had felt himself a bourgeois outside bourgeois society. Now, confused by a great historic struggle, he began to act like a "Marxist" outside Socialist society. For a time his political writing had been devoted to attacking capitalism; now its attacks were concentrated on the Soviet Union. For a time his literary essays had sided with writers inspired by Socialism; now they fell more and more into deliberate Red-baiting. In January 1937, for example, he published an article in the *New Republic* complaining that left criticism was "dominated by the quarrels of Russian factional politics"; the literary criticism "of the Stalinist press had become . . . diverted from its proper objects to playing the role of special pleader for Stalin." At that time Marxian critics pointed out that Wilson's alleged defense of literary standards was primarily an attack on Communism; his assault on the left was not literary criticism at all, but out and out political propaganda for Trotzky's views.

THE TRIPLE THINKERS reveals important alterations in Edmund Wilson's viewpoint since his first collection of literary essays appeared seven years

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ago. In style, this book is an advance over the first; it is more compact, more subtle, and more positive. *Axel's Castle* analyzed the Symbolist writers whom Wilson was ready to repudiate as guides; it was a sustained and effective rebuttal. In the current book Wilson is not liberating himself from the past; he categorically affirms attitudes and prejudices. The structure of the book as a whole is looser, however. We no longer have a connected series of essays moving toward a single conclusion; we have separate essays expressing various conclusions about various things.

What holds them together is Wilson's present "dominant passion." In the first book, the focal point was literature; in this one it is politics. There are to be sure purely literary essays, of considerable merit. But the weight of the book, it seems, lies in the three essays which alone have a single idea to unite them. One of these, dealing with Marxism and literature, opens with certain truisms stated time and again by various Marxian critics during the past fifteen years. But Wilson gives neither the American Marxists nor *International Literature* credit for the many sensible things he learned from them; he quotes them only when they have said something which strikes him as ridiculous. His own contribution this time lies in the fields of history and politics. He believes that Lenin, Trotsky, Lunacharsky and Gorky "worked sincerely to keep literature free, but they had at the same time, from the years of the Tsardom, a keen sense of the possibility of art as an instrument of propaganda." The situation was not so bad when Lenin was alive, that was why the first Soviet films were masterpieces of implication, as the pre-revolutionary novels and plays had been. But Lenin and Lunacharsky died, and Trotsky was exiled, and "the administration of Stalin, unliterary and uncultivated himself, slipped into depending more and more on literature as a means of manipulating a population of whom, before the Revolution, 70 or 80 percent had been illiterate and who could hardly be expected to be critical of what they had read."

Wilson is ready to admit that the best contemporary foreign writing and the classics are now open to the Russian people, but this cannot "under the dictatorship of Stalin either stimulate or release a living literature," therefore the Soviet theater and film are both degenerating, Shostakovitch's music is damned because the commissars cannot hum it, and the Soviet Union is becoming "corrupt in every department of intellectual life, till the serious, the humane, and the clear-seeing must simply, if they can, remain silent."

Here Wilson eagerly repeats every canard spread by the professional anti-Soviet propaganda. He also does in reverse exactly what he accused the literary left of doing last year. Is not his criticism, when it touches the left, "dominated by the quarrels of Russian factional politics"? Is it not diverted from its "proper objects" to play the role of "special pleader" against the Soviet Union? His specific charges are neither new nor original and have been answered abundantly in the *New Masses;* here we might examine one basic preconception upon which the Wilsons proceed.

Wilson went to Russia assuming he was a Communist. He returned disillusioned and consoles himself with a myth. When Lenin was alive, he says, everything was wonderful; under Stalin everything is corrupt. You cannot help wondering why intellectuals of this type failed to understand Lenin when he was alive, why they repudiated him when he was at the height of his powers and achievements. H. G. Wells then thought that "Lenin is a little beast; he just wants power. . . . He and the Kaiser ought to be killed by some moral sanitary authority."

The inhabitants of Axel's castle and the hunters after Utopia catch up with historical reality slowly. While the October Revolution was new, they recoiled from its rude impact; only later, in retrospect, could they grasp its tremendous achievements; only long after Lenin's death was Wilson able to perceive that "the mind of Lenin was one of the sharpest lenses through which human thought has ever looked, and the rays which it concentrated are now penetrating bourgeois culture as the latter grows more flaccid and porous." Perhaps such detachment in time is inevitable for poets nurtured in the conservative Romantic and Symbolist traditions. Wordsworth said poetry is emotion recollected in tranquillity; it may be that graduates of Axel's castle can understand revolution only when they recollect it in tranquillity. We may have to wait another decade, when fascism shall have been completely wiped off the face of the earth, for those writers who live on the fringes of contemporary history, to grasp the full creative significance of Soviet Russia today.

One must not get the impression, however, that Wilson is wholly pessimistic about Marxism and literature. His complaints deal with the past. He sees that Marxism is something new in the world but that already the human imagination has come to conceive of the possibility of recreating human society. How can we doubt that, as it acquires the power, it must emerge from what will seem by comparison the revolutionary "underground" of art as we have known it up to now and deal with the materials of actual life in ways which we cannot now even foresee? This of course is a matter of "centuries, of ages," but Wilson is not entirely discouraged even about the present. He expresses his hopes in paragraphs introducing his translation of Pushkin's "Bronze Horseman" in his current book.

This poem, he tells us, was suppressed by the censorship and not published till after Pushkin's death, and Wilson wonders, in reading it today, what repercussions it may have in Soviet Russia: "After all, the construction of the White Sea Canal has been accomplished by forced labor not much different from the forced labor with which Peter the Great built St. Petersburg; and, after all, Peter the Great is the figure to whom the laureates of Stalin most willingly compare him and to whom he is said to be most willingly compared. The dissident and irreverent, like Evgeni, hear behind them a horseman, not of course bronze but of steel, and no matter where they go, they cannot escape him; he drives them into prisons of the G.P.U. just as surely as he drove Evgeni into the Gulf of Finland; and just as Evgeni took off his hat and slunk aside where he had formerly hissed his threat, so the guilt of simple opposition puts them ultimately at the mercy of the 'Idol' and compels them to confess to crimes which

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they have unquestionably never committed. Between the power that builds the state and the Idol that represents it, on the one hand, and the ordinary man, on the other, the distance is still very great."

This, naturally, is "literature"; you do not have to prove any of it. We have known for a long time that proofs in favor of the Soviet Union (like the monumental Webb book) constitute propaganda; while mere assertions against it, uttered by an irresponsible man of letters, constitute literature. An established literary critic does not have to prove that the White Sea Canal was built with the same kind of forced labor as St. Petersburg, or explain why men should confess to crimes they had never committed. But if these "ordinary" men "unquestionably never" wanted to overthrow the Soviet government, Wilson at any rate leaves us in no doubt as to his own feelings on the subject. Having constructed a fable in which the general secretary of the Communist Party is identified with the Czar, and "simple opposition" with Evgeni, our critic draws the moral: "It is also well to remember that Pushkin makes Evgeni's defiance take place in Senate Square, the scene of the Decembrist revolt, which occurred a year after the flood; and that, however discouraged the poet may have been by the suppression of the revolt and by his own eclipse, that defiance was ultimately made good—in November 1917." This, again, is to speak in terms of ages; but Wilson, unlike Pushkin, is not discouraged; if the horseman of bronze can be overthrown, why not the horseman of steel?

SOON Wilson's "return from the U.S.S.R." takes him even further. This time the hero of his literary-political fable is Gustave Flaubert, the link between Axel's castle and the artist's preoccupation with politics. Flaubert has figured for decades as the great glorifier and practitioner of literary art at the expense of human affairs both public and personal; but he was also concerned with the large questions of human destiny. Wilson's essay shows us Flaubert as the man of distrust and despair, the man who said, "Today I even believe that a thinker (and what is the artist if he is not a triple thinker?) should have neither religion nor fatherland nor even any social conviction. It seems to me that absolute doubt is now indicated so clearly that it would be almost an absurdity to want to formulate it."

Flaubert hated the Socialists, but, according to Wilson, he had more in common and had perhaps been influenced more by the Socialist thought of his day than he would ever have allowed himself to confess; in the *Education Sentimentale* his account of society comes closest to Socialist theory. "Indeed," Wilson assures us, "his presentation here of the Revolution of 1848 parallels in so striking a manner Marx's analysis of the same events in *The 18th Brumaire of Louis Napoleon* that it is worth while to bring together into the same focus the diverse figures of Flaubert and Marx in order to see how two great minds of the last century, pursuing courses so apparently divergent, arrived at identical interpretations of the happenings of their own time."

Wilson thinks Marx and Flaubert started from very similar assumptions and were actuated by moral aims almost equally uncompromising. Both implacably hated the bourgeois, and both were resolved at any cost of worldly success to keep outside the bourgeois system. Karl Marx's comment on his time was the *Communist Manifesto*. What is the burden of Flaubert's great social novel? Frédéric Moreau, the hero of the *Education Sentimental,* is a sensitive and intelligent young man with an income, but he has no stability of purpose and is capable of no emotional integrity. He is the more refined as well as the more incompetent side of middle-class mediocrity, of which the promoter—whose wife Frédéric loves—is the more flashy and active side. In the other characters of the novel—journalists, artists, playwrights, politicians of various factions, and remnants of the old nobility—Frédéric finds the same shoddiness and lack of principle which are gradually revealed in himself.

Further analyzing this great novel, Wilson says: "Bourgeois socialism gets a very Marxist treatment—*save in one respect which we shall note in a moment*—in the character of Sénécal, who is eternally making himself unpleasant about communism and the welfare of the masses, for which he is ready to fight to the last barricade. When Sénécal, however, gets a job as foreman of a pottery factory, he turns out to be an inexorable little tyrant; and when it begins to appear after the putting down of the June riots, that the reaction is sure to triumph, he begins to decide, *like our fascists today,* that the strong centralization of the government is already itself a kind of *communism* and that authority is itself a great thing." (Italics mine.—J. F.)

On the other hand, there is the clerk Dussardier, a "strapping and stupid" fellow and one of the few honest characters in the book. His last appearance is at the climax of the story and this appearance, according to Wilson, "constitutes indeed the climax." Dussardier turns up in a proletarian street riot (a "stupid" fellow naturally would) and is killed by a policeman. Who is that policeman? The "socialist Sénécal."

Ralph Fox has given us, in *The Novel and the People,* a portrait of Flaubert which shows that giant as something more than a misanthrope. The energy engendered by the French Revolution and its heroic aftermath had died out by the advent by Flaubert's generation. The bitter struggle of classes and the real predatory character of capitalist society had become so clear that they aroused only disgust. The democratic and Jacobin ideals of 1793 had become intolerable and monstrous platitudes in the mouths of the nineteenth-century liberal politicians. And Socialism, known to Flaubert only in its *Utopian* form, seemed to him as stupid and unreal as the worst extravagances of the liberal politicians who daily, in word and deed, betrayed their great ancestors of the French Revolution.

Flaubert considered these ancestors his ancestors. "Marat is my man," he wrote, picking on the most advanced and the most uncompromising of the early Jacobins.

The *Education Sentimentale* was profoundly influenced by 1848. "Who after that bitter experience," Fox asks, "would ever again believe that fine words could butter parsnips? The June days, in which the

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Paris workers took the spinners of phrases at their word and fought in arms for liberty, equality and fraternity, were the writing on the wall. Flaubert was a novelist, not a student of the social history and economic machinery of mankind, and to him the June days merely proved that flirting with empty slogans roused dark forces who were a threat to the very existence of civilized society. The dictatorship of the blackguard Louis Napoleon which followed was just a dictatorship of blackguards, the apotheosis of the bourgeois, and all that could be expected of the bourgeois, and all that could be expected from the follies of preceding years. So the *Education Sentimentale* is a bitter and mercilessly ironical picture of the end of all the fine illusions of the liberal bourgeois, illusions which the red flag and rifle shots of June 1848 shattered forever. After that the vulgarity of the Empire. Nothing would be the same again and one could resign oneself to the long process of social decay and destruction of civilization by this stupid and miserly bourgeoisie, with its wars, its narrow nationalism and its bestial greed." Hence life in Flaubert's novels becomes frozen and static; he is a great writer faced with the problem of giving a true picture of a social order, the very premises of which were rapidly becoming a repudiation of the standards of humanism once looked upon as our common heritage.

But Flaubert's hatred of the bourgeoisie was so deep that already in the nineteenth century there were critics who, like Wilson, attempted to compare Marx's method with Flaubert's. To these Paul Lafargue, Marx's son-in-law and himself a keen student of literature, replied that Marx saw not merely the surface of things; he penetrated beneath, examining the component and mutual interactions. He did not see before him a separate thing-in-itself, having no connections with its environment, but a whole complicated and eternally moving world. Marx represented the life of that world in its various and constantly changing actions and reactions. The writers of the school of Flaubert, said Lafargue, complain of the artist's difficulties in trying to reproduce what he sees; but they only try to represent the surface, only the impression they receive. Their literary work is child's play in comparison with that of Marx. An unusual strength of mind was called for in order to understand reality so profoundly and the art required to transmit what Marx saw and wanted to say was no less profound.

It is not true, as Wilson thinks, that Flaubert and Marx "started from very similar assumptions" or that "they arrived at *identical* interpretations of the happenings of their own time." Flaubert and Marx both saw the bad sides of capitalism. But Flaubert saw primarily its bad *moral* sides. Marx, on the other hand, studied this society as a historian, an economist, a dialectician, and a revolutionary proletarian leader. He therefore saw not only more deeply into the bad sides of capitalism, but also perceived something to which Flaubert was wholly blind. He realized that capitalism was a social form necessary to develop society's productive forces to a level which would make possible an equal development, worthy of human beings, for *all* members of society. Earlier forms of society were economically too poor for this; capitalism for the first time created the wealth and the productive forces necessary for it. And Marx saw further still: *he realized that capitalism creates in the mass of the oppressed workers that social class which is more and more compelled to claim the utilization of this wealth and these productive forces for the whole of society.*

Flaubert's comment on the period around 1848 was the *Education Sentimentale;* its conclusion was the bitter reflection of the hero that the best time he ever had in his life was a youthful escapade in a whorehouse. This may be only, as Wilson thinks, a criticism of Frédéric Moreau; but the fact remains that the novel ends on a note of utter hopelessness. Marx's comment on the same period was the *Communist Manifesto,* which ended with a rousing cry to hope and action: "workers of the world unite, you have nothing to lose but your chains, you have a world to gain!" Flaubert's limited insight led to *Bouvard et Pécuchet,* an inchoate, monumental lament on the stupidity of all mankind. Marx's profound insight led to the founding of the international Socialist movement and the triumph of Socialism over one-sixth of the earth. If one seeks to make the viewpoints of Flaubert and Marx *identical,* it is most likely because one wants to reconcile the two and does not know how; one no longer understands Flaubert in the light of Axel's castle and has not yet learned to understand him in the light of Marx.

There may be other reasons for the attempt, indicated by the "climax" of Flaubert's novel, which so intrigues Wilson and to which we now return. The clerk Dussardier is killed in a proletarian uprising by a policeman, and the policeman turns out to be the "socialist" Sénécal. How are we to understand this transformation of a "socialist" into a policeman? Here Wilson finds that Flaubert *diverges* from Marx; indeed, it is the *one* respect in which the two giants do diverge. For Marx, we are told, the evolution of the "socialist" into a policeman would have been due to the bourgeois in Sénécal; for Flaubert, *"it is the natural development of socialism";* for him Sénécal, "given his bourgeois hypocrisy, was still carrying out a socialist principle—or rather his behavior as a policeman and his yearnings toward socialist control were both derived from his impulse toward tyranny."

This is presumably Flaubert's attitude. What is Wilson's own? With his usual candor he tells us: "Today we must recognize that Flaubert had observed something of which Marx was not aware. We have had the opportunity to see how even a socialism which has come to power as the result of a proletarian revolution has bred a political police of almost unprecedented ruthlessness and all-persuasiveness—how the *socialism of Marx himself, with its emphasis on dictatorship rather than the democratic processes, has contributed to produce this disaster.* Here Flaubert, who believed that the artist should aim to be without social conviction, has been able to judge the tendencies of political doctrines as the greatest of doctrinaires could not; and here *the role of Flaubert is justified."* [Italics mine. J. F.]

Flaubert may have aimed to be without social conviction, but you cannot live in society and avoid it. He began with hating the Socialists as much as the bour-

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geoisie, but since no man can maintain that kind of equilibrium long, and since Flaubert was himself a bourgeois, he ended with hating the Socialists more. By the time the Paris Commune came around he was yelling furiously for the blood of the communards. He did not deeply understand the real historic course of the nineteenth century; what he did understand were certain types of character. He gave us a keen portrait of Sénécal, but if you are going to blame Marx for Sénécal, you might as well blame Jesus for Judas, Danton for Dumouriez, Washington for Burr, and Lenin for Zinoviev. Wilson may fancy that great social changes are brought about by "superior intellectual brains" imposing a new order upon the stupid mass, and that these superior people select only angels to fight in the revolutionary ranks. Marx and Engels knew better; they knew that all kinds of men take part in great social movements and for all kinds of motives, and that no great cause since the dawn of history has been without its opportunists and apostates. They also knew that in the long run the Sénécals are either exposed, or their work is nullified by the "stupid" mass.

From the psychological viewpoint, Sénécal becomes a policeman *because he was never a Socialist to begin with.* Anyone with the slightest notion of what a Socialist is can see that long before the "climax" of Flaubert's novel. From the historic viewpoint, the exercise of authority by a Socialist republic hardly argues that Socialism springs from an impulse toward tyranny. In every epoch of great social change you have only the choice between the organization and authority of the reactionary force and that of the progressive force; without organization and authority major social action at this stage of human development is utterly impossible.

In Wilson's case we see once more a familiar pattern run its full course. In the spring of 1920, under the distant influence of the October Revolution, Bertrand Russell hastened to declare himself a Communist. In the fall of the same year, he returned from the U.S.S.R. declaring that Lenin's regime was a tyranny supported by the equivalent of the Czarist police, in the shadow of whose menace ordinary mortals lived in terror; a regime which in time would come to resemble any "Asiatic despotism." He felt more at home in England, where he belonged to the privileged classes; so he naturally discovered that since 1688—that is, since the revolution in which the landed nobility and the bourgeoisie reached a compromise very pleasant and profitable to both—English life had been based on "kindliness and tolerance," which were worth all the creeds in the world.

In 1932, under the impact of the economic crisis, Wilson hastened to declare himself a Communist on the fantastic assumption that the October Revolution was the triumph of superior "intellectual brains" over the stupid mass. Then he turned to Trotzky, for the time had come when intellectuals "disillusioned" with the U.S.S.R. could attack it only in the name of "Marxism." Now he repudiates the "socialism of Marx himself" because he fancies it springs from the "same impulse toward tyranny" which animates the policeman. The upshot would seem to be that Utopians of the type of Russell and Wilson simply do not like Socialism or rather that they like the fruits of Socialism but do not like the historic process by which it is achieved. They want the good end without any of the painful means, and they always incline to be elated or depressed by the momentary aspect rather than steadied by a vision of the whole vast movement toward a magnificent and necessary goal.

Was Marx, then, really inferior to Flaubert as a psychologist? It was Marx, after all, in his "comment on 1848," who described the petit-bourgeois Socialist, the man who can brilliantly dissect the jitters of capitalism, but cannot find the real way out of it; and finally, when stubborn historical facts disperse the intoxicating effect of "socialist" self-deception, he ends in a "miserable fit of the blues."

All this may be "trying to measure works of literature by tests which have no validity in that field." But was it not Wilson himself who dragged the White Sea Canal and the G.P.U. into his essays along with the Mithraic bull whose "throat and balls" are threatened? Was it not he who converted Flaubert's novel attacking the shoddiness of bourgeois society into an attack on the Socialism of Marx? To be sure, Wilson is a skillful artist; like Yeats he knows the value of parable; like Proust he knows how to make his important statements parenthetically. But he makes these exclusively against the U.S.S.R., unable, presumably, to find a German or Italian writer (Mann or Pirandello) through whom to attack fascism parenthetically.

Where, then, has the road from Axel's castle led after eight years? The castle lies in ruins and Rimbaud's road is closed forever. What now? Are private fantasies and chimeras to be replaced by political fantasies and chimeras? Is the poet to lament the betrayal of his unreal social Utopias as he once lamented the frustration of his unreal sexual expectations? Will he continue to have nightmares in which he is Evgeni pursued by the "Idol" and close his ears to the Führer's hoofs clattering across Europe? Will he cry a plague on all your houses, attempt like Flaubert to be without social conviction, and wind up perhaps calling for the blood of the communards? Or will he perhaps in 1942 issue a new declaration of faith in the Socialism of Marx, recollecting in pleasant tranquillity the real significance of the present decade, by that time beyond recall?

Wilson has answered these questions himself in last week's *New Republic.* He is once more back in Axel's castle where reality itself is fiction, and the whole vast Soviet world which has so haunted his thoughts is only a book, like M. Teste's speculations. The book has begun to bore him. What if Japan does attack the U.S.S.R.? It suits Wilson, who is in a hurry to "shut up that Soviet novel." But there is a difference. Ten years ago the inhabitants of Axel's castle ignored reality. Now they lean out of the casements hurling impotent curses on Socialism in literary essays which have no room for a single line against fascism.

Fortunately, however, most of this country's progressive writers think in other ways. Whether or not they accept the Socialism of Marx, they adhere

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today to the one country which practices it, knowing that more than any other on the face of the earth it will defend civilization against the new barbarians who threaten to engulf it. These writers understand that history never really repeats itself, therefore they avoid childish historical analogies and subjective historical fables. They perceive that the proletarian revolution which began in 1917 is neither the bourgeois revolution of 1789, nor the Consulate of 1800, nor the Bronze Horseman's realm of 1825, nor the June days of 1848. Marxism is indeed "something new in the world." But in so far as one may learn from the past, they are anxious to avoid the tragic blunder of certain writers at the beginning of the last century. These, confused by surfaces which they judged wholly by the fluid standards of ethics, reflected the second phase of the great, liberating French Revolution; they cheered the defeat of France at Waterloo, and woke up to face the Holy Alliance and the frightful reaction it imposed upon Europe for thirty-three years.

Stranglers of the Thunder

By Carl Carmer

FIGURES born out of the folk-imagination people the arts of many European countries. Folklore has inspired many poems, paintings, and statues. Sometimes art creations have been so direct as to be actually folk art itself—as in the case of cathedral gargoyles; more often they have been the results of an artist's conscious laboring with folk materials. The countries of Europe are so small, however, in comparison with the United States, and the centuries have given their folk stories so many years in which to accumulate, that few of their artists, no matter what their medium, could grow to man's estate without being at least aware of the heritage of picturesque legend with which they were surrounded.

In America, however, the vastness of the nation and its short history have combined with circumstance to separate the artist from this stimulating material. Native folklore has had but little time to grow. The American artist, in the past too greatly influenced by classics and contemporaries, has not, as a rule, been of a social class familiar with the naïve products of the popular fancy, existing only through word of mouth, passed down through centuries by narrators whose only literature they were.

Despite the country's comparative youth America has a folklore, and that quite aside from the legends already in existence among the Indians before the white men came. Some of it was brought to the new land from countries across the seas and has been preserved much as it was, by people geographically isolated, like the descendants of the Scotch Highlanders of Elizabethan times, who have lived many generations in the Appalachians and still sing of "Bonny Barbara Allen" in a wailing ballad whose origins are lost far back in the dim mists of early English history. In Louisiana the Acadians sing songs and tell stories that were first heard beside the hearth-fires of eighteenth-century France, clinging to them with an affection that has outlasted both a voluntary and an involuntary exile. In the Dakotas the blond Swedish-American is dancing to the tunes to which his fathers jigged in the fields of Scandinavia. And in the central states in many a community of German complexion the fantasies of the fatherland, though translated into English and ever changing in the telling, still attract groups of enchanted children.

To the question of America's rightful claim to this treasure of other lands, it may be answered that once a people adopts a folklore, it makes it completely and peculiarly its own. With no printed page to discipline the itinerant narrator, a story grows and changes while it is told. It is translated not only into the prevailing language but also into familiar and commonly visual terminology. Thus the "Ballad of Lord Randal," old Scottish song still echoing among the North Carolina mountains, has become, through generations of singers who never saw a nobleman, the simple tragic story of Johnnie Randall who killed his sweetheart. And the Johnnie Randall of that story is an American mountain boy whose lank figure might well be painted or molded, whose fate might be subject for play or opera or poem.

But it is not merely in the borrowed folklores of other lands that America has enriching material to offer her native artists. America has an authentic, autochthonous folklore of her own. Wherever American people have tarried long enough to have the feeling of belonging to the land, the roots of their imaginations have crept down into the soil. And the harvest, as might be expected from a young and sturdy folk, has been strong and hardy. A gusty, exaggerated, sometimes sardonic humor has been the keynote of much of our native folklore, regardless of its place of origin —from Texas to Maine. Perhaps Benjamin Franklin set the pace when, disgusted with the inaccurate accounts of the country of his birth contributed to the London papers by Britishers who had been only short-time visitors, he wrote of the American sheep whose tails were so heavy with wool that it was necessary to rest them on little carts trundled behind, and of the American cod fisheries in the Great Lakes, the salt water fish having been driven up the Niagara River into Lake Erie by hungry whales. "But let them know, sir," he continues, "that the grand leap of the whale in the chase up the falls of Niagara is esteemed by all

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who have seen it as one of the finest spectacles in nature."

While it is doubtful if this early American whopper became so generously known as to give story-tellers a mark to shoot at, it is unquestioned that it is a typical American attitude of mind and that the products of the American communal imagination have for the most part been grotesquely exaggerative. In the days when communication was more difficult and books and journals were less numerous, the good story-teller was a proud figure. There were even contests in the sort of imaginative fiction which, for want of a better term, was called lying. My father has told me with pride in his voice that my great-grandfather was boasted by his relatives to be the "biggest liar in Tompkins County." They cited as proof of the contention his tale of snowdrifts so deep in the vicinity of Ithaca, N. Y., one winter that they did not melt through the summer. He was cutting hay in a meadow one hot July day, he said, when a big buck jumped the fence and got caught in a snowdrift so inextricably that he was able to kill it by cutting its throat with his scythe. Were the picture which this anecdote conjures up to be painted, I can imagine its being bitterly attacked by conservative academicians as but another example of the undisciplined, inexplicable, and indefensible juxtaposition of unrelated objects with which modernists insult intelligence—rather than recognized as representative of the imaginative quality of the average American farmer before the Civil War.

A few of America's writers in the past have caught the spirit of this folk humor—Josh Billings, Artemus Ward, and especially Mark Twain. But most of the country's creative workers were too politely striving toward European culture to recognize the artistic values that lay in the imagination of the people. They were unable to see any analogy between the figures of the saints, painted by the artists of the Renaissance from the conceptions that people had come to have of them, and the fantastic latter-day miracle-workers of American mythology. In an ancient Jewish folk tale of a lad who killed a giant with his sling-shot Michael Angelo found the subject of a statue. What sculptor will carve us Strap Buckner, who "rassled with the devil" out in the Dakotas? Who will supplant the Lorelei with the maid of the Pascagonla, whose song from the summit of a hill of waters lured the Biloxi Indians to their sea-games off the coast of Mississippi? Who will turn from Ruth, the sower, to the sturdy figure of Johnnie Appleseed swinging westward with the ballet of the swirling blossoms springing behind him?

The English nursery tale of Jack and the Beanstalk has already been used as material for an opera by an American composer, an opera in which a cow proves an amusing and important character. But no American stage has yet seen Paul Bunyan and his big blue ox who measured "twenty-eight axe-handles and a plug of chewing tobacco" between tips of his magnificent horns. While one of America's most distinguished poets, Edna St. Vincent Millay, and one of her best known musicians, Deems Taylor, have collaborated on an opera which turned out to be a conventional affair, its verse based on Anglo-Saxon rhythms, its music far from distinctive, the giant shoulders of John Henry lift his nine-pound hammer high in the air; Negro work-songs give him the beat, and the old tragedy of the battle of man against the machine is reënacted.

The native American artist has been busying himself with creating statues entitled *Civic Virtue, The Christian Student, Goose Girl,* hoping as all artists hope, to speak for the age in which he lives, to allow the imagination of the people to speak through him. While he chips at his stone, the imagination of America is articulate, and he cannot hear it. Pecos Bill is riding a twister down in Texas, his star-spurs bite into the flanks of the whirlwind. Kemp Morgan towers above the Oklahoma hills, driving oil wells single-handed. Railroad Bill, hard pressed by the sheriff, turns from a black Alabamian son of sin into a scuttling red fox (here is a more fascinating problem than ever a Daphne becoming a bay tree). In Gajun, Louisiana, the talking bulldog, returning from college, takes the bayou steamer for the old home he is destined never to see. Down the Mississippi Mike Fink, half horse and half alligator and part snapping turtle, guides his keel-boat. Along the Atlantic coast Old Stormalong stands on the bridge of his clipper while below his sailors, mounted on horses, ride the long watches. Casey Jones opens the throttle of one of the "two locomotives that are goin' to bump." Willie the Weeper dreams of the generous lady who gave him a pretty Ford automobile "with diamond headlights and a silver steering wheel." Tony Beaver turns the Eel River back on its course through West Virginia. The Gambler, twenty-dollar gold pieces on his eyes, leaves old Joe's barroom for the last time, drawn by sixteen coal-black horses, cheered by the music of a jazz band perched on the top of his hearse, speeded along the cemetery road by a dozen crap-shootin' pall-bearers raisin' hell.

There should be an American mythology for study in our schools. I believe this with such sincerity that I have tried to write such a book in *The Hurricane's Children,* which was offered to the public in December 1937. In trying to describe this book when I first talked about doing it, I said it was a group of American fairy stories. When it was done, I found that there are no fairies in it. Instead I find a lot of giants proudly roaring that a hurricane was their father and an earthquake was their mother.

The people of almost every nation in the world except the United States have liked to make up stories about "the little people." Even the American Indians made up some beautiful tales about them. But Americans have been so busy doing big jobs that they have never taken time off to let their minds play with the tiny folks who have magic powers. At the end of a hard day's work the American cowboys or miners or lumberjacks or apple-pickers have had their fun out of making up stories about men who could do jobs that just could not be done, and in an impossibly short time with one hand tied behind them. And so I have discovered that this is not an American fairy-story book at all, but an American giant book.

If these stories had existed hundreds of years ago in another land, we would probably be calling them

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myths today and reading of Pecos Bill and Tony Beaver and Annis Christmas as we read of Mercury and Mars and Juno, or of Thor and Loki and Freya. The stories in this book are the products of our grandfathers' fancies, our fathers', our own. They are the imagination that Americans inherit, and I hope many Americans are going to be proud of it.

If mythological figures are to be allowed a place in art then, and God forbid that they should be barred, let the American artist remember his own immediate heritage. His background may enable him to give to his work something truer than he would give to Hercules or Persephone. Let him remember, too, that much of the appreciation of any art lies in the esthetic pleasure derived from recognition. The people of a locality will be happier to see in the art works adorning their public buildings, for instance, figures they know and are fond of rather than works representing abstract virtues or the gods of Greece and Rome. It is time that artists recognize in the figments of American dream the opportunity for the expression of that beauty which is distinctively a part of the land and its people.

The suggestions I am making here to American artists are not meant as arguments for "literary" art as opposed to representations of "abstract" beauty. The subjects I recommend allow more freedom of individual expression, certainly, than those art products which the "abstractionists" are inclined to scorn as mere illustrations. They permit as many treatments as there are artists to present them. Their essence is imaginative liberty. They are representative not of a single narrator's creativeness but of the free soaring fancy of the workers of America, thousands of them in communal search for release from the monotony of the real. They should be welcomed by the artists of the more liberal persuasions, for, like the manifestations of the subconscious which have found expression in the work of Dadaists and Surrealists, they introduce, as Wilenski expresses it, "the incredible proportions and juxtapositions that occur to us in dreams." Indeed they surpass in mad fancy most of the imaginative work of today.

Even to the conservative academician these figures present a challenge, the oldest known to art. For John Henry is any Negro, and Pecos Bill is any cowboy. Rippling muscles of man and straining horse offer their problems as they have since the days of Hellas. But America's worker-created giants should be most heartily received by that already great group of American artists who believe that art should have social significance. They depict the triumph of the laborer over his environment. They are the day dreams of the worker who sees himself embodied in the champion his mind creates. In them defeatism is wiped out by invincible action.

Bread Upon the Waters

By Michael Bruen

MR. ALLARDYCE tugged the door open, tonight as always, just enough to allow him to scurry through sideways, and disappeared with a brief flirt of his Chesterfield and a bounce of the curl in his derby.

The new girl, looking after him, laughed and turned to Ethel at the switchboard.

"How is he? All right?"

Ethel made a delicate, familiar gesture of wiping her nose with her naked fingers.

"He parts his hair in the middle," she said flatly.

"Oh," said the new girl. "But he smokes a pipe," she suggested hopefully.

"How else can he prove that his lips aren't his nostrils," Ethel explained.

"You've got something there," agreed the new girl. "I noticed the droopy schnozzola. Then I suppose he's the kind gives a raise every Leap Year of his own free will?"

"A gold star for catching on quick," said Ethel.

Mr. Allardyce fidgeted sixty-three floors' worth in the elevator. Stocks went down today, stocks went down today, he said to himself sincerely. I really believe stocks went down today. That was the way Mr. Allardyce dealt with life and illusions. He felt that if he really and truly believed that the market went down, it would go up, because things never happened the way you really wanted them to. So he always hoped things by opposites. But he genuinely had to feel that way or it didn't work.

"Good night," Mr. Allardyce said civilly to the elevator man. The elevator man, who remembered last Christmas very clearly, put his hands behind his back, and first ground, then tossed, his hips at Mr. Allardyce's back. "Jerk," he said, indicating, to the starter. The starter, with whom gifts were pooled, agreed.

Mr. Allardyce had his three cents ready at the newsstand. Down, down, down, I know it, I feel it, he prayed as he rustled the pages and walked blindly on. He guided himself through the swinging doors and ran his eyes down the quotations. He did not look at United Peruvian until he had seen the trend. The trend was down. Mr. Allardyce raised his eyes to heaven. United Peruvian was rarely indomitable and ascending in the face of the trend. But Mr. Allardyce peeked hopefully because he felt so pessimistic. But United Peruvian was quite down. Mr. Allardyce saw that the fault lay with him. He had not really believed. He

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had allowed his conscious to deceive himself and his subconscious. He could feel his heart sinking and growing larger and heavier like a snowball rolling down a hill.

Two more points down, and I'll have to cover, he thought in tremendous despair. What had happened? Everything had been going so beautifully in the market before he had put his two cents in. Two cents? Ten thousand dollars! And he had United Peruvian on margin. He had jinxed the market, that was what he had done. He had sent it down as surely as though he were the law of gravity. With what dash and in what exultant spirits he had made his investment! He had not said a word to Geraldine at first, he had not even breathed of the hot, impressive tip. He had hardly doubted a quick rise and a neat profit. He had seen himself with his thumbs snapping his suspenders, awing Geraldine with his acumen. Geraldine could always be impressed with more money. Of course he had told her the very next day when it had gone down a point; he could not have a thing like that on his conscience when it was going down, and besides she would have to give him the money if he had to cover. She would give him the money because she would not see the ten thousand thrown away, but how she would lash out at him with her long, long tongue. Oh, why hadn't he bought less outright? Outright or nothing, he had always said, so sanely, and he had speculated, and very likely he was getting what he deserved.

The February night was forbidding. It was darker and more frightening than usual, it seemed to Mr. Allardyce. He felt quite depressed.

Ordinarily Mr. Allardyce would have seen the touch coming half a block away. He would have crossed the street, or almost run, or turned his head. But tonight he walked right into it. Someone said, close up against him, "Could you please let me have something for a bite to eat, mister? I'm terribly hungry."

Mr. Allardyce started. He looked at the touch, who was a man, quite a young and tall man, and said quickly, "Sorry." He hurried. But the man walked along with him.

"Please," he said in an importunate tone that was quite distasteful to Mr. Allardyce, who loathed a display of emotion. "Please let me have something." He sounded as though he were going to cry, and he was a tall young man.

Bum, thought Mr. Allardyce irritably. Mr. Allardyce knew exactly what kind of racket this was. People who stopped other people in the street this way were shiftless bums and only wanted money for liquor. Frankly, they were depraved. Mr. Allardyce had discussed the very situation sanely and at length over the bridge table. Very fairly. "Assuming some of them are really hungry," he had said, "it's logical to believe, and I'll bet statistics show, that the average will be one in fifty. Now, since there is no way of telling which of the few are really needy and since the chances are fifty to one that you are being approached by a professional beggar, who has a larger income than your own, or a drunkard, it is always wiser from a sociological and economic viewpoint to refuse. And anyway there's relief, and we pay taxes."

So Mr. Allardyce felt very strongly and informed about it. People never gave *him* anything for nothing. Quite the contrary. He particularly disliked being approached tonight when he had so much trouble, and although the fellow was undoubtedly putting on a good act, he said, not really sharply, because you never knew what these fellows might take it into their heads to do, and this one was big, but firmly, "I'm very sorry. I have no change."

The man stopped short. Mr. Allardyce, relieved, walked quickly on toward the station.

"Of course," the man said loudly in noisy, conspicuous words. "No, of course you haven't." His voice cracked, but carried ragingly, "I only hope you go hungry some day."

The words came running breathlessly after Mr. Allardyce. They caught up with him and hissed at him, and his susceptible heart began to tremble. The night had grown blacker still, he was sure. It was quiet and meaningful. The words beat against his ears like an angry and ominous curse, even as he walked on. They crept inside him. It *was* a curse. He felt frightened, threatened. Life pressed him. Stocks were down, business was not good, he had not been charitable. God Himself might be sending this omen. Perhaps he should have been kinder. Mr. Allardyce found himself, impossibly, unaccountably, turning around and walking back. He would miss the 6:47. He would be late for dinner. Geraldine would be raging. The financial page would be looming enormously and not by coincidence between the salt and pepper shakers. But he had been cursed.

The fellow was still standing there, looking at him. A chill wind whistled around Mr. Allardyce as he noticed the yellowed gray jacket and the gaping sweater. He was a young man, without a coat. His eyes were very blue. His ears were a painful red. He was looking almost angrily at Mr. Allardyce, who was quite cold.

"Very well," said Mr. Allardyce, though he tried to be friendly, "if you really are hungry, I shall take you into a cafeteria and buy you some food. If you really are hungry." I'll bet he just wants the money, said Mr. Allardyce assuredly to himself, he just wants the money for drink, look at his red nose.

"Thank you," said the man, low, "I'm very hungry all right."

But he hadn't said he was sorry for the terrible thing he had said, thought Mr. Allardyce, leading the way into the cafeteria and pulling two checks from the machine. He can see that I'm a kind man, well meaning, now that I know he really is hungry. He should have said he was sorry, that he didn't mean it, that they were only words spoken in anger.

Mr. Allardyce bought his companion a ham and Swiss cheese sandwich, a piece of apple pie, and a cup of coffee, and bent to watch him eat. The young man ate without looking at him. He did not say anything and did not eat too fast, but it was plain he was hungry. He chewed each mouthful with love almost.

But although he liked the food very much, he did not yet show any proper gratitude to Mr. Allardyce, who sat wondering if he realized what an awful thing he had said. Here he was being well fed. He must be sorry. He must be grateful. He must take it back.

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Mr. Allardyce was determined to get it straightened out. He could not afford to have a curse hovering over him like that. He did not want it.

"You can't give away money to everyone who asks for it, after all," he said to the young man, tentatively. He was really only a tall boy, he noticed, but he had a tired face.

"No," said the boy eating, and still not looking at Mr. Allardyce, "don't apologize."

Apologize! Mr. Allardyce kept his temper.

"There are a lot of these . . . uh. . . ."

"Moochers," suggested the boy, looking at him now.

"All kinds of bums too," agreed Mr. Allardyce. "You never can tell."

"Yes," said the boy.

Mr. Allardyce looked at his watch. The boy was eating the pie. Maybe he'd have liked it *à la mode*, thought Mr. Allardyce sardonically. But he said:

"And you're a strong, healthy fellow. You ought to get a job. You can't tell me a young man who's willing can't get a job. The depression's over. Where do you see a breadline now?"

The boy raised his eyes again and looked very tired.

"When I was a young fellow," insisted Mr. Allardyce, "I had to struggle too, I can tell you. I didn't have anything. I worked myself up without asking anyone's help. There's no valid reason why you shouldn't get a job. Not a reason." He felt that he was quite right, there was no excuse. He was even a little angry.

"Have you got a job?" asked the boy, staring at him.

Mr. Allardyce allowed himself a small smile at the naïve question.

"Job?" he said, imagining as he often did when he felt a little scornful, that he was raising an eyebrow, "I'm a businessman. I'm an employer. I have my own staff."

"Will you give me a job?"

"Me?" said Mr. Allardyce in sharp surprise. What a hell of a, and unprecedented, nerve. Just whom was the fellow trying to impress? As if he would take a job if it were handed to him on a platter! He was just trying to excuse himself.

"I want a job," said the boy, rather monotonously Mr. Allardyce thought. "I can work."

"Well, I'm hardly the one. . . . I'm afraid you'll have to go to the proper places . . . an agency . . . something. Surely there are authorities that could place. . . . Everybody can be taken care of. . . . I don't have that sort of. . . ." Mr. Allardyce stopped. This was going far enough and was completely apart from the point.

"All right," said the boy, "everybody can be taken care of."

"Is your family on relief?" asked Mr. Allardyce.

"I don't know," the boy said. "Maybe."

Very smart, thought Mr. Allardyce. "I don't know. Maybe." Whatever that means. Very clever, I suppose he thinks he is.

"Well, don't you live with them?"

"I don't live with anybody."

"Where do you stay?"

"I don't know where I'm going to stay tonight."

"Haven't you got a home?"

"I'm carrying the banner."

Mr. Allardyce's mouth dropped open a little to indicate that he did not quite follow.

"I haven't any money for a room," explained the young man so that Mr. Allardyce could understand.

"Oh," said Mr. Allardyce. "Well, you can't be trying terribly hard," he added. "Anyone with an ounce of ambition and pride. . . ."

"Listen," said the young man abruptly, "thanks for this. I was hungrier than you could ever think of anyone being. But stop talking. What the hell are you talking about anyway? My clothes are torn, my shirt has no sleeves, I don't know whether I'll ever be able to shave my face again, or smell like something clean. So, all right, I haven't any ambition. So I know you'd starve first before you asked anybody for anything. All right, thanks, but shut up."

Mr. Allardyce was very, very angry, but he controlled himself beautifully.

"That's certainly not my fault," he said, "and I'm sure I'm sorry. But that's no reason why you should tell me that you hope I'll go hungry some day. After all, I've never done anything to you."

The young man looked up with slow eyelids. Then his eyes crinkled and he almost smiled. He searched Mr. Allardyce's face very thoroughly.

"Sure," he said, "why should I wish you any hard luck?"

A weight was lifting from Mr. Allardyce's depressed shoulders. He felt almost glad of this encounter. The young man did not wish him any ill fortune.

"That's the way," he said. They got up. Mr. Allardyce paid the cashier. At the door, he said jovially, "Wait." He took a dollar bill from his wallet, he looked at it with satisfaction and appreciation and bestowed it on the moocher. He said, "There you are. I hope that'll give you a little start." Mr. Allardyce's tone was modest. He knew how big a bill must look to a tramp.

"Thanks," said the boy.

"It's all right," acknowledged Mr. Allardyce, starting away. He took a deep breath. He felt that stars must have come out, but before he could see, he thought he heard a call.

"Thanks for nothing."

Mr. Allardyce looked around in amazement. The boy was gone. Had he said "Thanks for nothing"? But he couldn't have, not after the way he'd been treated. Yet it was not the sort of thing Mr. Allardyce could just imagine someone saying. He must have heard it. But why? Mr. Allardyce took his pipe out and bit it nervously. Hadn't the curse been taken back? Hadn't he said he didn't wish Mr. Allardyce any hard luck? His very words were, "Why should I wish you any hard luck?" That could mean anything. Hadn't the curse on his head been lifted? But he had been more than generous. He had done more than was expected. It wasn't fair, it really wasn't playing fair.

After all, there were no stars out. The remembrance of the stocks came back to Mr. Allardyce. He thought of Geraldine. He felt the wind and heard it whisper. Rain was beginning, a fat drop spattered on his hat. It was a bad night, and he was cursed. He walked on, feeling miserable and beaten and doomed.

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Revolution In Bohemia

By Granville Hicks

I

IN 1923 young Halstead Weeks,
The product and the pride of Saint Tim's school,
Denounced in ringing tones the Bolsheviks
And proved that Bob LaFollette was their tool.
His mother felt the tears run down her cheeks,
His banker-papa growled, "The boy's no fool."
Young Halstead got a watch for graduation
And old Saint Tim's a sizeable donation.

II

At Yale he learned from Phelps that *V.V.'s Eyes*
And *Peter Pan* were modern works of art;
From Keller that the man of enterprise
Serves God and country in the busy mart;
From good Dean Brown that one should not tell lies
Nor masturbate nor scorn the pure at heart.
And if he'd made a single freshman team
He'd have fulfilled his father's every dream.

III

But even Yale had students in those years
Who laughed at Phelps, and Halstead got the habit.
Not only did he imitate their sneers
But when they praised a book was quick to grab it.
He read *This Side of Paradise* with tears
And turned to *Jurgen, Sister Carrie, Babbitt.*
He read the prefaced plays of Bernard Shaw
And grew ashamed of his pot-bellied Paw.

IV

He read *Of Human Bondage, Dorian Gray,*
Three Soldiers, In Our Time, The Enormous Room,
Ulysses, Rainbow, Mrs. Dalloway,
Remembrance of Things Past, In Nero's Tomb,
The Magic Mountain, Tamar, Antic Hay,
The Dial, Transatlantic, Exile, Broom.
Now where could youth with such distinguished taste land
Except among the lovers of *The Wasteland?*

V

He wrote an essay, keenly analytic,
But possibly a little bit obscure,
Entitling Eliot the perfect critic
And just as pure as poet could be pure,
Insisting that he was not parasitic,
Although he borrowed widely to be sure.
The Lit had snubbed him, so he snubbed *The Lit,*
And tried *The Bark & Blare,* which published it.

VI

So Halstead Weeks emerged with his diploma,
A published essay, and a great ambition.
But papa had not missed the strong aroma
Of art and uncommercial erudition.
Commencement night he woke Hal from his coma
And let him see the world of competition,
In which, he said, the boy could take his place
Or else—alternatives Hal could not face.

VII

And, lo, the brave new world of Silent Cal,
Where Jesus was in business and in Rotary,
Where Socialists derided *Capital,*
Where Ford was prophet and Filene his votary,
Where high-hat Hoover fought brown-derby Al,
Where Babbitt had his cult and More his coterie—
It welcomed Halstead to its busy breast.
It gave him work, in short—at Pa's request.

VIII

The little cash that Pa had one time sunk
In Biggs and Boggs now justified his hopes.
To gild the cabbage and perfume the skunk
Was their concern, and they taught Hal the ropes.
He thought them boors, they counted him a lunk
But set him writing ads for lesser soaps.
He cursed his lot and damned the silly stuff,
But—give him credit—wrote it well enough.

IX

When Halstead took the job he planned to spend
His lonely nights composing stern critiques,
In which he would expound, condemn, defend
The modern poets and their new techniques,
But somehow found it easier to lend
His presence at the better Village speaks.
When he sat down to write the spirit balked,
But galloped like a racehorse when he talked.

X

A year went by. His bosses were impressed
By what he'd written; friends by what he'd not.
In many Village hangouts they confessed
That Halstead's bolt and Halstead both were shot.
But he could speak as glibly as the best
Of syntax, values, cadences, and plot.
And he had found a girl and was impassioned—
A circumstance that some friends called old-fashioned.

XI

The time has come when we must talk of sex—
A lively subject if there's lots of data.
But Hal's affair was not at all complex,
Although he spouted Freudian dogmata.
The truth's so simple it is bound to vex:
He liked to sleep with his inamorata.
And she, somewhat experienced, found Hal
Quite adequate though not phenomenal.

XII

He pleased his pa, his boss, his lady fair,
But still he knew that there was something wrong.
And then one night he met young Clifton Hare,
Who scorned superbly all the vulgar throng,
Who, by request, had left *The Bark & Blare,*
Who talked with soft insistence all night long,
Who said at last, "We could, we might, I mean—
My friend, why don't we start a magazine?"

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XIII

The seed was sown and promptly was manured
By Halstead's father, who was riding high
And, feeling Halstead must by now be cured,
Was not averse to giving him a try.
The magazine's existence was assured
By adding to the board Erasmus Bly,
A Harvard lad whom Clifton recommended—
His insight faulty but his income splendid.

XIV

Their secret nightly meetings brought them fame;
The Village wondered; Hal's Elaine grew pale.
They chose an office, tried to choose a name.
Hal, wanting *Icarus,* could not prevail;
Hare urged *Return,* and Bly proposed *The Flame.*
They argued till their arguments grew stale.
"In the beginning," Halstead said. . . . He halted
In wild amaze. "The word!" they cried, exalted.

XV

The Word it was—a name at least prophetic
As Hal and his confreres abruptly found.
The bare announcement served as an emetic,
Producing both the fury and the sound.
Dick Blackmur wrote on mysteries esthetic.
A dozen letters came from Ezra Pound
(You know the endless way that Ezra runs on)
And manifestoes streamed from Gorham Munson.

XVI

They got from Waldo Frank some little gems,
Incomprehensible but truly great;
From Gertrude Stein some scrambled apothegms;
Confederate laments from Allen Tate.
Hal wrote on e. e. cummings' roots and stems,
And Clifton barked and blared a hymn of hate.
Chicago's tough guy reached into his barrel
And let them have an early James T. Farrell.

XVII

In one short year *The Word* became the voice
Of D. H. Lawrence and the vibrant male,
Of polylingual antics a la Joyce,
Of Herman Melville and the great White Whale,
Of Irving Babbitt and the human choice,
Of Oswald Spengler and the dismal wail.
And at the end the issue that was seething
Was Buchmanism versus Gurdjieff breathing.

XVIII

I say the end. Our epic's reached the day
When Wall Street crashed and Halstead's Pa crashed too.
Then Biggs and Boggs reduced employees' pay,
And little Bly announced that he was through.
Next Hal's Elaine went home to Troy to stay,
Discharged from Constable's without ado.
Thus died *The Word* that dark and fateful winter,
And no one minded much except the printer.

XIX

But Biggs and Boggs somehow survived the storm,
And Hal survived it too, with paychecks shrinking.
His solitary life resumed the norm
Of noisy talk and not so quiet drinking.
He had some new ideas on style and form,
And loved to tell his friends what he was thinking.
But they, he found, were less than fascinated.
In fact, they told him frankly he was dated.

XX

Do not suppose that Hal submitted tamely
To all the current talk of politics.
He struggled to defend his thesis, namely
That art and economics do not mix.
But though he marshaled all his reasons gamely,
It did no good to kick against the pricks.
We are but human, and you must not ask us
Why we see visions going to Damascus.

XXI

Conversion's dangers are an ancient story,
And Hal's was not a stable constitution.
He felt the working class was full of glory,
And hated all the ruling-class pollution.
The reckoning, he ventured, would be gory;
He hoped to see the day of retribution.
He found the works of Sidney Hook sublime,
And planned to read Karl Marx when he had time.

XXII

He nearly signed a Foster proclamation
And did say Norman Thomas was a dub;
He almost joined the Harlan delegation
And gave the Hunger Marchers dimes for grub;
He wrote some letters full of indignation;
He visited at times the John Reed Club;
And, as he said to some insulting smarty,
Was practically a member of the Party.

XXIII

He'd gladly join—in this he would insist—
But that the leadership was so naïve.
The opportunities the Party missed
Were bound to make a thoughtful Marxist grieve.
He did not like to seem a dogmatist,
But there were errors one could scarce conceive.
How can a party grow if it disdains
The wisdom of the nation's finest brains?

XXIV

And after all his field was literary,
And one must work wherever one is able.
No task, perhaps, was quite so necessary
As purifying that Augean stable,
That realm of vulgar thought and crude vagary,
That vast confusion like the storied Babel,
That gloomy sink, that bottomless abysm
Which sometimes passed for Marxian criticism.

XXV

Now Dr. Krutch—long may his tribe decrease—
Had likewise felt the Marxists needed purging,
And meeting Hal one night proposed a piece,
A task to which Hal needed little urging.
He sat him down and let his soul release
The bitter, bitter truths that came a-surging.
Esthetic ruin faced the working classes
But for Hal's brave exposure of the MASSES.

XXVI

The day the piece appeared Hal got a note
From Calverton, whose praises knew no measure.
He asked if Hal would kindly let him quote
A certain passage that he called a treasure.
To publish the next essay that Hal wrote
Would give him, furthermore, the greatest pleasure.
The *Modern Monthly* craved a contribution
From such a loyal friend of revolution.

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XXVII

Hal wrote the piece and made a date for lunch.
V. F. brought friends and there was conversation.
Hal soon was meeting weekly with the bunch,
And taking pleasure in their commendation,
Since he and they most dearly loved to crunch
Upon a ripe and juicy reputation.
They praised no one but Trotsky, that great mind,
For whom they wrote petitions, which Hal signed.

XXVIII

The MASSES staff had viewed with some tranquillity
Hal's literary gestures of defiance,
But it announced its utter inability
To overlook his Trotskyist alliance.
It pointed out the touch of imbecility
In Calverton's demands and his compliance.
The MASSES said in simple white and black
His friends were knaves and he was just a jack.

XXIX

Hal might have been dismayed, but noble Max,
With many shakings of his great white mane,
Convinced him Stalin paid for these attacks.
(And had not Eastman once seen Trotsky plain?)
Hal answered with the gang supplying cracks.
(It was the same old Trotskyist refrain.)
He signed his name upon the dotted line,
And thought the document extremely fine.

XXX

His ego had enough to feed upon,
And skillful flattery had turned his head,
But bad was bound to turn to worse anon,
For he had got a girl, a super-Red,
Who used "amalgam," even "epigone,"
And other words that she had learned in bed.
(She had, as folks say, lived, and spent her nights
With half the city's leading Trotskyites.)

XXXI

With her to help his Marxian passions flare,
He called, at home, at work, for blood to flow.
But Biggs and Boggs, he found, did not much care
So long as he denounced the C.I.O.
Nor were his words too much for Pa to bear
Since he called Roosevelt a so-and-so.
And Catholics rejoiced when he'd explain
How Stalin had betrayed The Cause in Spain.

XXXII

The magazines discovered he existed,
Books, Common Sense, the *Saturday Review.*
Paul Palmer, double-faced if not two-fisted,
Presided at his *Mercury* debut.
Amazingly the *Forum's* Leach enlisted
In this crusade to save the world anew.
Hal wrote "I Left the Party in the Lurch"
For *Harper's,* though he'd always loathed research.

XXXIII

He mingled with the city's cognoscenti,
Was mentioned more than once by I.M.P.,
Had drinks with Sinclair Lewis, and had plenty,
Was introduced to Lippmann at a tea.
The boy went places and where'er he went he
Said Communism served the bourgeoisie.
And cocktail drinkers up and down the city
Agreed with him the sell-out was a pity.

XXXIV

But renegades have never been a rarity
And Halstead's little boom was not to last.
He soon perceived the growing popularity
Of Eugene Lyons, knew his day was past.
His girl perceived it too, with perfect clarity
And wrote a note that left poor Hal aghast.
Poor Hal, indeed, in view of his ambitions:
He'd nothing left to do but sign petitions.

XXXV

In time he could not quiet the conviction
That even Trotskyites might be a bore,
And though steadfastly vaunting his addiction
To revolution, wondered more and more
If Marx's teachings were not all a fiction
And human nature rotten at the core.
He'd gladly die upon the barricades,
But proletarians were pampered jades.

XXXVI

Increasingly he felt his noble soul
In books alone could find its rightful place.
Let others struggle toward a social goal
And seek to save the worthless human race.
He'd watch the tide of angry passion roll
While he communed with wisdom face to face.
He wrote a piece, describing his decision
As if the gods had granted him a vision.

XXXVII

The article appeared in the *Atlantic,*
For Sedgwick liked it, as one might suppose.
Had he not made a pilgrimage romantic,
Toured rebel Spain in spats, defied its foes?
Had he not told with raptures corybantic
How Franco saved the Spaniards from their woes?
Of course he felt with Hal that art must be
From taint of propaganda ever free.

XXXVIII

Our story's wandered to its sad conclusion.
No need to chronicle Hal's small success;
No need to tear away each fond illusion;
No need to note his growing snobbishness;
No need to castigate his vast confusion:
We know too well how such affairs progress.
The time would come for haughty jeers at pickets
And voting straight reactionary tickets.

XXXIX

The Lippmanns and the Thompsons and the Lyons,
They have their brief if somewhat gaudy day.
The Eastmans and their literary scions
Proceed to find and fatten on their prey.
The Franks seek vainly for Spinozan Zions,
Nor lose their little egoes by the way.
And men like Halstead lapse predictably
Into pretentious mediocrity.

XL

In '38 an older Halstead Weeks,
Alumni orator at Saint Tim's School,
Denounced in ringing tones the Bolsheviks,
And proved that John L. Lewis was their tool.
He also said nice things about the Greeks.
(The students thought the speech was so much drool.)
His honorarium was slight, I fear,
But trustees hinted at a job next year.

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Words I Did Not Speak

By Edward Wall

OUR Guild contract with the *Morning Globe* contains the clause: No By-Lines on Hooey Stories. This is Paragraph 6, Section XIX, if I remember rightly: No expression of the paper's policy or opinion, whether or not it be conveyed in the guise of news, shall be published under the name of any employee without the employee's knowledge and consent.

I crusaded for that clause, though quite alone. In the city room, down at Marty's on the corner; fighting for a cause, a clause. I'm new on the staff of the *Morning Globe;* perhaps I'm a little bit fervent. My fellow Guildsmen were apathetic, even antagonistic. Had I been a lesser zealot, had I dared turn my back, the opposition bloc would have stricken the clause from the contract. It stayed though. And the publisher accepted it.

Opposition jeers hid a malignant vanity. I know, of course. Too many reporters would be grateful for a weekly by-line in lieu of a five-dollar wage boost. Too many of them succumb to giddiness at the sight of their own names in print, no matter how inconsequential the story; even if it were something oozing from one of the paper's ears: The Weather, Overcast with Variable Winds, by Malcolm McGooch, High Tide 8:09 a.m.

On the old *Post-Herald,* I remember, they used to plaster reporters' names all over the paper. Little boys scrawling things with chalk. You found yourself named as the author of fabulous stories; stories in eight or ten-point caps you never heard of before. You were constantly amazed, if you read the paper, at your own folly, your erudite bitterness, your falsity.

The *Post-Herald* isn't in business today; the world, I'm certain, is a happier place. I was there when the paper died a few months ago. It strangled, shouting, trying to alter the pattern of stripes in the flag; trying to shield the Whites from contaminating proximity with the Reds. We were profoundly Right, and all else was radical. We thought a great deal of a man named Hoover; though never, in the *Herald-Tribune* manner, as Mister. Mister Hoover nodded at this, hinted at that. Mister, to us, never quite expressed the proper warmth of approbation. We thought of him as Dearie.

On the *Post-Herald* I covered the Tecumseh Street station and receiving hospital, the busiest police beat in town. At night everything came to Tecumseh Street, except for a few odds and ends picked up by the dicks out of headquarters. It was an easeful place to spend your nights. Nightly routine of drunks, disorderly and —physicians said further examination would be necessary to determine whether or not the bullet can be removed from O'Reilly's skull without dislodging the brain. Still, pleasant as it was, I rarely went near Tecumseh Street during those final weeks, just before the paper crumpled. I kept in touch by telephone from afar. We knew the end was coming. And who cared? I had other interests.

I was working with Dave Kirchlander, trying to organize the bleachery and dye-house workers at the Chesunticook Mills. I wrote pamphlets, dodgers, letters, everything; now and again I made an incidental speech.

Dave was brilliant, vigorous, genuinely sympathetic; he was the leader of the organizational drive. He had been assailed and pounded on a dozen labor fronts. *Post-Herald* words: radical, agitator, anarchist, monster, Red menace. Dave was a thorough Marxist, never wavering in his philosophy. To unsympathetic ears he could be cryptic, sometimes deceptive; sometimes, in reciting his social catechism, his blazing faith appeared to be dimmed in mocking restraint. The rousing significance was often hidden in the apparently glib, facile phrases he affected.

To *Post-Herald* readers, the solid people, Dave was a menace as yet unseen. They hadn't met him face to face. They knew him only as a frightening name, a challenge, a threat.

We were together, Dave and I, one night in Roger Williams Park. A workers' meeting was over, breaking up in orderly, enthusiastic burst of song; it was the first public demonstration of workers' increasing strength. A group of French-Canadians stood on the edge of the park, singing a song in French. The singers waved to us as we walked across the street to Dave's car. Dave was going to Boston that night; he would drop me off at Tecumseh Street.

We drove along Arundel Avenue, slowly. Men in a smaller group were struggling in the street. We heard them shouting. They were knotted together in close-in fighting; fists were swinging, slugging furiously. Then another group came tearing in. These last I recognized; they were company police, special deputies in plain clothes.

Most infrequent occasion in my career as a police reporter: I was present when a story was in the process of happening. In the center of the crowd the deputies fired; four shots or five, I couldn't tell. Dave stopped the car right in the middle of the street, and we ran up to the crowd. One of the workers was dead; three were wounded, bleeding, groaning. The city cops came in swinging clubs, mauling, tearing the crowd apart. Men were lying on the pavement; I saw them kicked, trampled. I raised my arms to shield my head; I broke free, somehow, from the surging mob. There was no sight of Dave; I saw a couple of uniformed cops pushing his car toward the curb, clearing the avenue.

I helped pick up two of the injured men. I rode with them in an ambulance, back to Tecumseh Street.

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From the press room I called the city desk; then to a rewrite man I gave names, ages, addresses. "All mill workers. The meeting was over. These guys were walking down from the park; they yelled at two of the company stoolies and called them a bad name, a name never properly used except to identify the readers of our paper. One of the stoolies took a sock at this guy Vitulla. Then the whole gang mixed in. The company deputies ran up to join the battle. They were all tangled up together. Then the deputies' guns began popping. Vitulla was killed; these other guys wounded, not bad. The cops have arrested six more guys; six, so far; all mill workers; names, ages, addresses. No charges against them yet; just held for investigation. That's all I have right now; I'll call you back."

Hennessey, on the city desk, couldn't wait. He called me. He told me, "Cawlfield, over at headquarters, says the dicks are bringing in a guy now, one of the gunmen."

"All right," I said. "What the hell do I care?"

Hennessey asked, "Have the cops at Tecumseh Street made out a report involving the company gunmen?" "No, they're not doing a damned thing."

"How do you know, then, that they were company men?" "I was there, I saw them; that's the way I cover things."

"Did you see the start of the riot?" "Riot! There wasn't any riot; it was like a lawn party breaking up, singing songs in French."

"Then how about the workers who fired at the cops?" "No worker fired a shot; hell, are you trying to discredit my testimony? I gave you the story; that's all there is to it."

Hennessey hung up, swearing. He called me a vile name; he said I was a reader of the paper. To hell with Hennessey.

I went out and drank 392 glasses of beer. No loyalty to the paper? Loyalty, royalty. Loyalties seldom pay royalties. Dorothy Parker in the beer: Men seldom make passes at loyalties, seldom pay royalties. To hell with Dorothy Parker's beer. I dreamed of Jeanie with the light-brown hair. The *Post-Herald* expects that every man this night shall have two more Jeanies with the nut-brown ale. The *Post-Herald* is first with the news; clear, concise, comprehensive, fact, fact, fake.

And Jeanie with the light-blue-oo eyes. Eight thousand glasses of beer, clear beer; concise sizes five cents, comprehensive for a dime. The *Post-Herald* slogan: It's not news, no-no-no, until it has first appeared in three other newspapers. One more beer and Jeanie with the light-blue hair; she dreams of letting the paper go to Hennessey, go to hell. I thought of going to Boston to join Dave. I went to Taunton, Fall River, New Bedford, Lawrence, Lowell. Last anyone heard I was smuggling coolies from Council Bluffs to Omaha. Doing well, too. I went out, home, somewhere.

Next day I was back at Tecumseh Street in the early afternoon. Hines of the *Journal* greeted me. "Swell story you had this morning." Hell, I thought, he's a reader. "What story?" "What story?" he mocked; "as if you didn't know."

"Them Reds is bad things," said Harrington, the sergeant. Harrington was reading, as he always did, a whole magazineful of Doc Savage, wonder man. No bad things, I thought, where the Doc is. He just presses a button. The morning *Post-Herald*. Harrington reads it, then throws it aside; goes on to something better. *Post-Herald* pre-requisite to Doc Savage. Press a button and the *Post-Herald* disintegrates. The good doctor.

Lying on Harrington's desk was a copy of the *Post-Herald*, excited, yelling: RADICAL AGITATOR SLAIN BY OWN GANG; POLICE QUELL RED ONSLAUGHT, ARREST 7. . . . *By Thomas Gilligan. . . . Blazing guns in the* . . . who's this Gilligan? The name is familiar, vaguely. *Blazing guns in* . . . hell, it's me! I'm Gilligan. Thomas Gilligan. No wonder. Probably ran through all editions; no make-over, no replate. They don't dare. When the Gilligan by-line appears on a story it's "must." Let it go! Don't want old Tommy Gilligan getting mad at you, do you? Respect the Gilligan by-line. Gilligan is clear, he's concise, he's first with the news with the light-brown *blazing guns in the hands of Red terrorists brought instant death last night to. . . . Vitulla, leader of the Red riot, was shot accidentally by his own gunmen who directed a frenzied volley of shots into the ranks of advancing police* . . . By Thomas Gilligan . . . *David Kirchlander, 29, said by police* . . . By Thomas Gilligan . . . *to be a Moscow agent, was tentatively identified as the actual slayer. Police said that. . . .*

There was a two-column picture of Dave, standing between two dicks, under the caption: *Killer Suspect.*

"It's for you," Harrington said, "and tell your friends not to be calling on my phone; what do we have a press room for?" Harrington handed me his desk phone.

"Hello," by Thomas Gilligan; this is Thomas Gilligan, tentatively identified as the actual. . . .

"Mr. Gilligan? Mr. Gilligan of the *Post-Herald?* This is Eric Bundette, president of the Kiwanis Club. Fine piece you wrote in the paper this morning, graphic. I've been trying to reach you. Like to have you speak at our Kiwanis meeting Thursday night. Our scheduled speaker won't be able to come. Like to have you tell us the inside story of the Red menace, the anarchists; how they act when they're arrested, the troubles they give police. Our club is vitally interested in eradicating this menace. Yes, vitally. Thursday night, 6:30, at the John and Priscilla Hotel."

I called the city desk: "I'm here, nothing breaking; I'll be here from now on." Then I hung up. I left Tecumseh Street immediately and hurried over to headquarters.

Cunningham, the lieutenant, was evasive. He said, "No, nobody's seeing Kirchlander. D.A.'s orders. He's up on the third floor, isolation."

"Isolation? Has he got measles?"

"He'll have worse than measles. We've got the gun. The ballistics men say it's the gun fired the bullet that killed Vitulla."

Cunningham stalled. Finally he said, "You can go up now; but for five minutes only."

Cunningham was a liar: "Nobody's seeing Kirch-

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lander!" When I walked down the cell block, I saw one of Cunningham's stoolies, playing the part of a visitor. He was talking to a make-believe prisoner in a cell two doors away from Dave's. Words resounded in that steely place. I changed my mind, stifling the things I had come to say.

Dave sat on a steel bunk. He held a rubber band between his fingers, stretching it, snapping at anything that crawled. He winked when he saw me.

I said to him, "Hello, killer."

Dave answered casually, "How are you, Tommy? Any good Red menaces around this afternoon?" Dave nodded toward the stool-pigeons: "Good Guildenstern and Rosencrantz are with us."

"Here's a deck of morphine with a dash of cherry; here's a saw, two guns, and a bomb; and here's your street-car fare," I recited. I handed him, one by one, four or five packs of cigarettes.

Dave looked at me, wondering. The stoolie was watching, listening. "It's all right," I said, waving. "I'm working for the Kiwanis Club. I'm a menace eradicator. The cigarettes are poisoned."

Dave asked me, "Have they dusted off any of the quaint exhibits, the museum pieces?"

I nodded. "I learned, just a moment ago, about a miniature fowling piece; the curator said it was a thing of great value, but I thought it commonplace."

"It has its historical value," Dave said. "It keeps bobbing up over and over again. Other collectors swore they found one like it in the pockets of men at the Haymarket, at Homestead, Ludlow, South Chicago. It's the same old thing. They said Emma Goldman had it in her handbag when they accused her of bumping off Wynken, Blynken, and Nod. It's been handed down from menace to menace. We menaces, you know, we have our traditions."

Suddenly I became a reporter. I flourished pencil and copy paper. "My name is Appleby W. Littleby. I represent the thirty-five-cent Merchants' Blue Plate Special and *Daily Courier.*"

Dave looked at me, this time intently. "I ain't saying nothing to nobody. You'll have to see my attorney. Go to the receiving hospital and wait; that's the best way. When an ambulance arrives, my attorney will be right behind it, puffing, breathless maybe."

I went back to Tecumseh Street. I asked Hines, "Anything doing, any calls?" He said, "Some guy named Bergson or Schoenfelt phoned; he wants you to call him back. And your man Hennessey; he wants you to send him a postcard."

Again I phoned the city desk: "I'm here, nothing breaking; I'll be here from now on." Then I hung up. I called Schonenberg, the lawyer. Dave was quite right. Schonenberg said he wanted to see me right away. I said to him, "Come on down to Tecumseh Street."

We stood in a corridor near the bulletin board. Schonenberg, talking, became buoyant. "I'll have Dave out of jail by Tuesday night. The D.A.'s all right. And the cops, too. I feel sorry for them. It's the old heat from overhead, trying to discredit us with the workers. The killing charge won't be pressed. It's crazy; they know it· you know it."

"I wasn't there," I said. "Dave and I were down at Nantasket Beach."

Schonenberg took a quick look down the corridor. Hines came out of the press room and called to me, "Couple of monkeys scalded down at the bleachery. They're bringing them in now; not expected to last long."

Schonenberg asked me, "Who is he?" I told him, "Hines of the *Journal.*" Schonenberg watched him down the hall, "Suppose I could get him to make that goddam *Journal* spell my name right?"

I walked away, back to the press room. I called Cawlfield at headquarters and told him to ask the district attorney to give me a ring. For two days I wavered back and forth between union headquarters and Tecumseh Street. I tried to do Dave's work and mine. I did a little of both, badly.

Dave came out Thursday afternoon. I went over to his room in the Plymouth-Puritan. Schonenberg kept bouncing in and out, rattling papers, smiling, talking. When no one would answer, he talked on the telephone. Dave took a series of slow baths, singing, while I read: *David Kirchlander, 29 . . . released under $10,000 bond . . . conspiracy to incite riot . . . but denied motion to* . . . I tossed the paper aside. How the hell does Schonenberg know if they spell his name wrong or right? He's a reader. Kiwanis, 6:30, by Thomas Gilligan. Dave and I talked about the meeting. I suggested Boston, finnan haddie, and beer.

Dave began to declaim: "Kiwanis calls. I'll go with you. You can use a good menace; you can use me to point at."

I looked at him; I was thinking: Don't do anything, gentlemen, until you hear from Gilligan. Reds, Anarchists, Kiwanians, Menaces with the light-brown Gilligans, by Thomas Menaces.

Dave and I walked up to the mezzanine, Priscilla and John Hotel, Banquet Room B. I saw a black ribbon fluttering from a pair of nose glasses. I spoke to it: "I'm Gilligan of the *Post-Herald*. This is McGonigle; he's here to cover your meeting."

The black ribbon fluttered more: "Fine-fine-fine, glad to have you boys with us. Sorry, Mr. Bundette can't be here; but make yourselves at home. Number of guests with us tonight. While we're waiting for dinner, go on up to 1408-and-10. You'll find everything there."

Everything was spread on a long table. I mixed tinkling drinks for Dave and me. We sat in a corner, all by ourselves, and watched. Nobody was there from the other papers. They wouldn't touch the story; strictly a *Post-Herald* promotion, strictly Gilligan. Dave and I watched, tinkling.

Every now and again someone came over and said he was Jillson of New England Products Co. We shook hands. I said I was Tompkins, Dave was Atterbury, both of the Shawmut Avenue Congress Gaiter Co., out of the high-rent district.

The third Jillson looked at Dave. "Haven't I seen you somewhere, your picture maybe?"

Dave smiled. "The paper runs my picture occasionally; I write a sports column, all about lacrosse."

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Jillson slapped Dave's back. "Knew I'd seen you somewhere; never forget a face!"

Jillson was genial; he laughed, pleased. He said it was a pretty rough game, lacrosse; he wouldn't want to be mixed up in none of it. Dave had only one drink. I had two or three, maybe five. Four, I think.

We rode down in an elevator, back to the mezzanine, the dining room. We sat, Dave and I, near the center of a table which formed the cross-piece in a T-arrangement.

Everybody sang, standing, then sitting. A man pounded with a gavel on a bell-shaped gong. He said, "Old Chuck Elligutt, stand up! Spudgy Kimbalston has filed a complaint against you; he says you met him down in the lobby a moment ago and you called him Mister instead of Spudgy. Violation of club rules, you know. You are hereby fined twenty cents."

Chuck Elligutt came over, grinning, to pay the fine. He laid down the exact change. Everybody hooted. Dave and I joined in the hooting: "Shame, shame on old Chuck Elligutt."

The chairman pounded again with the gavel. "And now we'll hear a report from the sub-committee on social welfare and civic betterment."

The sub-committee spokesman rose and exclaimed, "Give a thought to the little kiddies in Middlesex Orphanage."

Everybody gave thoughts. The club would send a staff of barbers to the orphanage Sunday afternoon. The committee had arranged everything; free haircuts, the man announced, they wouldn't cost the kids a penny. The barbers would work for nothing and the club would sponsor them—all free.

I looked at Dave. He was covering the meeting; he was jotting things on copy paper. I tried to think of a menace. No menace can touch you, gentlemen, while Gilligan is here. Gilligan hates the menaces, the Reds; Gilligan despises them, he eradicates them. Gilligan menaces the menaces. Gilligan himself is a menace. Gilligan the Red, with the light-brown hair.

Everything was so right, so soothing. No one was speaking now; the room was quiet, save for eating noises. Dave went on with his notes, writing down what everything thought or ate. I tried to think of a menace.

The Kiwanian chairman began: ". . . the very foundation of our democratic system . . . that we, as public spirited citizens, must unite to crush these threatening radical agitators. . . ."

I heard the name of Gilligan; I was being introduced. No menacing thought would come to me. I rose and stood there groping, Gilligan the Red, with the light-brown mind. I tried to say: "Gentlemen of Kiwanis. . . ."

Dave tugged at my arm and drew me back to my seat. He said to me, for all to hear, "I'll take care of these mugs."

Dave was standing, talking, "I bring you a report, gentlemen, of the sub-committee on social welfare, civic betterment, and workers' organization."

I looked around the T-tables into faces intent, instantly responsive. Dave went on: "In spite of your lying opposition, gentlemen, we are definitely going ahead with the drive to organize workers in the Chesunticook Mills. The results are amazing, really."

The chairman whanged the gong. Spudgy Kimbalston clamored, waving his arms. Other Kiwanians joined in the yammering, but Dave outyelled them: "Twelve thousand men are employed in the mills. More than nine thousand of these have joined our union. And we've only begun!"

"Radicals," Spudgy Kimbalston shouted. "God damned radical sonsabitches!"

Dave waited for the shouting to subside. "Radicals," he said quietly, "radicals fighting off the toryish ills that Kiwanianism helps to spread. Agitators leading the way to a new form of life, the freedom and beauty of life; radicals, if you will, in the manner of old Sam Adams, Hancock, Jefferson, Doctor Franklin."

"God damned radical sonsabitches," Spudgy shouted.

"Keep your seats!" Dave cried out to the rising Kiwanians. "It is my duty to inform you, gentlemen, that bombs are attached to your chairs. We're trying a new scheme tonight; individual bombs, one to each chair."

The chairman pounded the gong-gong-gong-gong-gong.

Dave held his left arm before him; he began an elaborate study of his wrist-watch. He yelled again, "Quiet, everybody; with all this racket going on, you're making it very difficult for me. I can't hear the fuses sputtering."

The yammering went on, louder. The chairman made frantic motions. He waved the gavel in the air; he shook his fist at Dave, at me, at everyone. More motions, in frenzied pantomime; he pointed to Dave, and then to the door. I was thinking: Why am I so silent? I am the one they asked to talk. I'm the featured speaker. I leaped to my feet and shouted, "Any member who doesn't like tonight's speech is hereby fined twenty cents!"

"The fine goes double for Spudgy Kimbalston," Dave proclaimed. "Forty cents for Spudgy! Spudgy gets a double fine because he snitched on old Chuck Elligutt, his fellow member."

Kimbalston raced around the table-end. Charging, swinging blindly, he landed one blow at the back of Dave's neck, a brutal, crazy wallop. I knocked a chair aside. I smashed a left into Kimbalston's face. Kimbalston rebounded, flailing; he clipped me on the mouth. He came in plunging, chin foremost. I landed squarely, twice, three times. Kimbalston spun; I hit him again. He reeled backward; he sprawled on the table, scattering coffee cups and Kiwanians, spattering the juices from tumbled sherbet glasses.

Dave held his watch-arm aloft for all the members to see; with his other hand he pointed: Only seventeen seconds, gentlemen, before the blow-off!

I kicked a cup that lay at my feet. Dave grabbed me by one arm. Together we started for the door. We walked, ninety-two thousand miles we walked, through roaring Kiwanis members. I could barely restrain myself. I wanted to flee. I feared a horde of Kiwanians closing in, crushing Dave and me. We walked that

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long, long way to the door; no one molested us, no one followed us.

A waiter and two bus boys stood watching at the door. Dave said to them, "We're sorry the dishes were spilled." The waiter grinned. The bus boys waved a mock salute.

We went out to the mezzanine and down to the lobby. We kept on going, out to Dave's car. Down at Marty's bar we stopped. I ordered a scalding Tom and Jerry. The bartender said to Dave, "Two?" Dave nodded.

My lower lip was cut, inside. I ran my tongue along my teeth, taking inventory. I counted and counted, first the uppers, then lowers; once I counted forty-four, another time only nineteen. Spudgy smacked me on the mouth. Lamentable defense, by Thomas Gilligan. Gilligan cops decision, though staggered by Kiwanian. Gilligan scorns external force; he staggers from within, quite unaided. No, thank you, gentlemen; the self-staggering Gilligan needs no Kiwanian impetus.

"I can't take you anywhere," Dave berated. "You're always mixed up in a brawl."

"It's the Kiwanians, the menaces," I said. "They rouse me to fury; it's the music, the flares against the night sky, the mad abandon of the dance."

"Maybe we ought to go back to the meeting," Dave said to me. "How in hell are we to know if the treasurer collects all the fines we levied?"

I flicked a speck of nutmeg from the foamy top of my drink. I went back to my counting, uppers, lowers. This time I counted fifty-three.

I said to Dave, "Tomorrow night, I hope, I'll be back at Tecumseh Street. Killers, filling-station bandits, guys who were picked up in raids, only a few Kiwanians. I'll be happier there."

Dave tried to appear uneasy. He said, "I'm worried about the Kiwanian treasurer, trying to collect all the fines we imposed. You know how treacherous these Kiwanians are. Some of the members might try to sneak out without paying."

The Heroes

By William Rose Benét

How thunderous their firm defiance!
Their shadows on the sky are giants.

Their mouths are craters, they disgorge
Hot lead, and make the world their forge.

Their eyeballs glare. Their millions stand
With stiff and horizontal hand.

Hailing such heroes from the stars—
Who always ride in armored cars.

Now we behold in every place
The massive, the congested face,

The swollen throat, the wild declaim—
And people cowed, and people tame,

And people drilled, and people dumb,
And armament's millenium.

Guards! Lest one deathly man alone
Stand up to call his soul his own.

Oh guards! And edicts! And arrests!
What? Men have hearts within their breasts?

They shall be stock, they shall be stone.
Mow with machine guns—keep them mown!

You heard that laughter in the air?
Pivot the guns—swing here, swing there,

Blast the blue skies, search every tree,
Dynamite the insurgent sea!

Those stars! They sparkle on the night.
Eliminate their laughing light!

Endorse this treaty of the powers
Against the gay and traitorous flowers!

Instruct the army of your spies
Till all the world be lurking eyes;

Sentry the birds, stockade the herds;
Arrest those Words! Arrest those Words!

And now, oh gather, loudly raise
Your thunderous anthem in our praise,

Cry "Holy! Holy! Hail great power!
Before you all the earth shall cower,

Before you all the earth shall be
One prison camp, one sanguine sea,

And every heart as steel made hard!" . . .
That Voice again?
Turn out the Guard!

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Longfellow on Spain

By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow Dana

How much of my young heart, O Spain,
Went out to thee in days of yore!
—*Longfellow.*

OVER a hundred years ago, a young American poet, twenty years old and full of poetic and romantic enthusiasm, traveled the length and breadth of Spain. Irun, Burgos, Segovia, Escorial, Madrid, Pardillo, Toledo, Cordova, Seville, Cadiz, Gibraltar, Malaga: he visited many of the cities and towns whose names have been made freshly familiar to us in connection with the struggle that is focusing the eyes of the world on Spain today. For nine months, this young American poet reveled in the romance of the glories of past Spanish history and legend. Yet in the terrible conditions of that dark period of Spain a hundred years ago, his heart was touched by "the challenge of the poverty-stricken millions," the contrast of rich and poor, "the cruel and overbearing spirit of the municipal laws," "the gentlemen of respectability washing their crimes away in a little Holy Water," "the rags and religion," and the pride and warm sentiment of the common people that would ultimately resist this oppression—in other words the very forces a century ago that are in the background of the present conflict.

On first entering Spain on March 6, 1827, this young American poet, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, was at once struck by the poverty and desolation. He wrote in his journal:

> One of the first things which attract the attention of the traveler on entering the northern province of Spain is the poverty-stricken appearance of everything around him. The country seems deserted. . . . The villages are half depopulated, the cottages ruinous and falling away piecemeal, whilst the people have nothing left them but rags and religion. . . . The country lies waste and open to the sun; you see the traces of former tillage; and here and there a ruined village, deserted by its inhabitants, presents the melancholy picture of falling roofs and moldering walls. The country looks stripped and barren—and you can everywhere trace the steps of desolation passing over the vestiges of former prosperity. (Longfellow's manuscript journal for 1827.)

This desolation of the common people of Spain in contrast to the prosperity of the rich made a profound impression upon Longfellow. In a poem called "The Challenge" dealing with Spain he wrote:

The poverty-stricken millions
  Who challenge our wine and bread,
And impeach us all as traitors,
  Both the living and the dead.

And hollow and haggard faces
  Look into the lighted hall,
And wasted hands are extended
  To catch the crumbs that fall.

For within there is light and plenty,
  And odors fill the air;
But without there is cold and darkness,
  And hunger and despair.

What struck Longfellow most was the contrast that he found in Spain between the dream of past grandeur and the misery of the present squalor, the contrast between the aristocratic few that he saw riding in the Prado at Madrid at sunset and the masses of toiling workers. Here is one of the pictures that he gives:

> Here comes the gay gallant, with white kid gloves, and eyeglass, a black cane with a white ivory pommel, and a little hat cocked partly on one side of his head. He is an exquisite fop and a great lady's man. . . . What a contrast between this personage and the sallow, emaciated being who is now crossing the street! (Longfellow's manuscript journal for 1827.)

Again Longfellow comments on the childish idleness of the Spanish nobles of that day:

> I have seen a whole room full of the "high-born Spanish noblemen" and daughters of dons and cavaliers engaged in such games that in our country belong only to children.

In all this Longfellow realized how far Spain was behind the times. He wrote:

> Indeed it is like going back two centuries in this old world, this visit to Spain. There is so little change in the Spanish character, that you find everything as it is said to have been two hundred years ago.

George Borrow in his famous book *The Bible in Spain* goes still farther, attributing to Spain a lag of six hundred years instead of two hundred years and saying "the great body of the Spanish nation, speak, think, and live precisely as their forefathers did six centuries ago."

WHAT WERE THE REASONS for this inequality and backwardness in the Spain of that period? A dozen years or so before Longfellow's coming to Spain there had been the invasion of Spain by the French under Napoleon. This invasion had still left its traces everywhere and Longfellow wrote:

> It is at present a poor, poverty-stricken country. Everywhere in the roofless cottage and ruined wall you trace the footsteps of the old peninsular war. A lapse of ten years has not changed the scene! You occasionally see by the roadside the melancholy wreck of a posthouse within which a band of desperate peasantry made an unavailing resistance against their invaders and perished in their last stronghold. In the shattered window and blackened wall—it seems a deed of yesterday! The entrance of every village, too, presents you a similar picture. As you approach the wretched inhabitations of the peasantry, a troup of half-starved children, some absolutely naked, others with but a fragment of a shirt or a tattered jacket, will come shouting forth, lifting up their hands most pitifully and begging a mouthful of bread. (Longfellow's manuscript journal for 1827.)

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If the foreign invaders tended to depopulate the native Spanish citizens, they also lingered long enough in Spain to leave illegitimate children of their own. It is to this Longfellow makes allusion in a passage in his manuscript diary which was later carefully stricken out, but is still readable:

> The French, who almost depopulated the country in the war of Napoleon, are now doing miracles to make reparations.

After the invaders had been driven out in guerrilla warfare by the radicals under Francisco Espoz y Mina, a liberal constitution was for a moment set up and there was great rejoicing among the common people. Longfellow refers to this in connection with a fountain in Malaga, which in celebration of the constitution was supplied with wine instead of water. He writes:

> On one occasion of merry-making—some great day of jubilee during the time of the constitution—the water pipes of the fountain were stopped—and it was made to spout wine! (Longfellow's *Brother Jonathan in Spain.* M.S.)

Two years later, however, the monarchy was restored under Ferdinand VII, who immediately revoked the constitution, annulled the acts of the Cortes, and began a ferocious persecution of the "Liberales." With the overthrow of the Spanish constitution, even those who had fought against the French invaders and saved Spain, such as Espoz y Mina and his guerrilla warriors, were hounded to death, exiled from the country, or forced to hide in the mountains. Longfellow, while in the Guadarrama Mountains, writes of seeing one of Mina's followers, when he appeared for a moment out of hiding, still biding his time to overthrow the monarchy and reëstablish the constitution:

> Whilst at supper a tall veteran-looking man entered the hall. He was dressed in the common garb of the country village and wore the little round hat of the peasantry. I was informed that he had known better days. He had been one of Mina's guerrillas—one of the bravest—had been hiding among the mountains since the overthrow of the Spanish constitution—and for years had followed the humble occupation of a shepherd. His whole conversation runs upon the return of better days and he is panting to hear again the tocsin of war sounding to the echoes of these hills and summoning the peasants from the plow and pruning hook to the iron harvest of battle. (Longfellow's manuscript journal for June 1, 1827.)

The frequent uprisings of the liberals against the absolutists were put down by the King and his ministers with brutality, yet there was the constant tension of a possible outbreak of a civil war. The young Longfellow writes to his father:

> There are rumors of war and we hear almost daily that the king will immediately march off his troops to Portugal. Then a royal guard marches up the street and then marches down again. (Longfellow's manuscript letter of March 20, 1827.)

Under such circumstances it is no wonder that there was a tinge of sadness in the atmosphere of suppression which pervaded Spain during this black period of "national nightmare." Personal liberty was a dead letter. The Spaniards seemed to be the only people in Europe who were denied any voice in the management of their own affairs, either national or local. Longfellow wrote:

> The voice of a peasant, singing amid the silence and solitude of the mountains, falls upon the ear like a funeral chant. Even a Spanish holiday wears a look of sadness, a circumstance which some writers attribute to the cruel and overbearing spirit of the municipal laws. (Longfellow's *Outre-Mer,* p. 141.)

To add to the horror, the poor peasants lived in constant fear of marauding bands of robbers. Longfellow speaks of "the dark fiendish countenances which peep at him from the folds of the Spanish cloak in every town and village" and of "the little black crosses which one comes upon at almost every step, standing by the roadside in commemoration of a murder or other violent death which had taken place upon the spot." He speaks of having heard "tales of all that is wild and wonderful in bloody murder and highway robbery." He makes it clear, however, that these crimes were not committed by revolutionists, workers, or peasants, but by gentlemen in the odor of sanctity. He writes:

> These are not organized bands, but "gentlemen of respectability" who assemble from neighboring villages, commit robbery on the highway—murder if necessary—and then disperse to the bosom of their families and wash their crimes away in a little Holy Water. (Longfellow's manuscript letter to his father, March 20, 1827.)

This curious linking of acts of violence with religious zeal was at all times characteristic of Spain, as it is of the fascist forces of Franco's rebels today. Longfellow speaks of the prominent traits of the Spanish *hidalgos* of his day as being a "generous pride of birth" and a "superstitious devotion to the dogmas of the church." King Ferdinand VII had not only revoked the constitution, but had restored the Inquisition. The Catholic Church was extremely powerful and dreaded any revolutionary movement, even a liberal one. Longfellow speaks of the "religious ceremonies of the Catholic Church, which in Spain are still celebrated with all the pomp and circumstance of darker ages," and adds:

> The Spaniards, in their faith, are the most obedient people in the world. They will believe anything the priest tells them to, without asking why or wherefore; but at the same time, as you may readily infer from this, they have as little pure religion as can be found upon the face of the earth. (Longfellow's manuscript letter to his father, July 16, 1827.)

He proceeds to describe the external display of pious reverence that the Spanish showed at the passage of the Host or "consecrated wafer," even turning in the midst of festivities to kneel and cross themselves and then renew the festivities again as though nothing had happened. Longfellow wrote:

> I was at the opera and, in the midst of the scene, the tap of the drum at the door and the sound of the friar's bell announced the approach of the Host. In an instant the music ceased—a hush ran through the house—the actors and actresses on the stage with their brilliant dresses kneeled and bowed their

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The Author has been active in the British Labour Movement for nearly twenty years. Graduating from Cambridge, he took up journalism and worked for the London *Daily Herald, Daily Worker* and others. He is now feature editor of *Reynolds News,* England's oldest independent Sunday newspaper. He has known at first hand the events about which he writes. He has seen the workings of the Labor Party from within and understands its intricate structure and habits. And he makes no bones about debunking the great "British Myth." A best seller in England, his book is destined to be widely read and discussed in this country. *Illustrated.*

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heads—and the whole audience turned toward the street and threw themselves upon their knees. (Longfellow's manuscript letter to his father, July 16, 1827.)

In a country where there was a greater discrepancy than anywhere else between the magnificence of the Spanish monarch and the raggedness of the Spanish beggar, Longfellow watched in amazement the empty and ironic gesture of the base and brutal King Ferdinand VII going through the religious rigmarole, performed once a year, of pretending to wash the feet of twelve barefoot beggars. He was equally appalled by the hollow mockery of "a dinner given to twelve poor women at which the queen served as domestic." He writes:

Each of the poor women had twenty different dishes allotted her, and these were placed successively before her by the queen, who received them one after the other from the hands of her maids, and placing them for an instant upon the table to receive the refusal of the poor women, who sat like so many female Tantali, passed them into the hands of the priest and thus they were stowed away under the table in twelve great baskets. (Longfellow's manuscript letter to his father, July 16, 1827.)

No wonder Longfellow said: "The people have nothing left them but rags and religion. Of these, such as they are, they have enough."

Of the queen who performed this mock ceremony, Mr. Longfellow writes: "The queen is eaten up by a most gloomy and melancholy religious frenzy—and writes poetry."

This "gloomy and melancholy religious frenzy" of the Spanish nobility seems to have haunted Mr. Longfellow all his life. Long afterward he wrote a poem about a Spanish legend, which he himself called "a dismal story of fanaticism." It was about "an old Hidalgo proud and taciturn" whose only joy was in seeing heretics and Jews burned to death or killed:

When Jews were burned or banished from the land,
Then stirred within him a tumultuous joy;
The demon whose delight is to destroy
Shook him, and shouted with a trumpet tone:
"Kill! kill! and let the Lord find out his own!"
—Longfellow's *Torquemada.*

This religious fanatic was represented as spying on his own daughters until he began to suspect them of some heresy. He denounced them before the Grand Inquisitor of Spain, Torquemada. When his daughters were condemned by Torquemada to be burned at the stake, the mad father insisted on bringing the firewood himself and lighting the faggots with his own torch, still muttering: "Kill! kill! and let the Lord find out his own!"

Longfellow found that just because he did not attend mass in Spain, some of the Spanish fanatics looked upon him as a heretic or a Jew. He writes in his journal for Sunday, June 3, 1927: "As usual was absent from mass—the villagers think me a Jew!" For the Spanish Jews, Mr. Longfellow himself seems to have had the highest respect. In his *Tales of a Wayside Inn,* he represents a Spanish Jew as one of the most charming of the six guests, who are gathered there with the landlord to tell their stories. Longfellow imagines no less than four of the most beautiful of the tales as being told by this Spanish Jew.

A Spanish Jew from Alicant
With aspect grand and grave was there. . . .
Well versed was he in Hebrew books,
Talmud and Targum, and the lore
Of Kabala; and evermore
There was a mystery in his looks;
His eyes seemed gazing far away,
As if in vision or in trance.

To be sure, the presence of this dreamy and learned Spanish Jew in the midst of the gentiles gathered together at the Wayside Inn offers a little embarrassment to the present owner of the Wayside Inn and his literary editor.

LONGFELLOW, then, in his attitude toward Spain showed clearly his sympathy with "the poverty-stricken millions," with the poor peasants being made a mockery of by the king and queen, and with the victims of the Inquisition. He saw all the grandeur and the glory of the romance and dream of Spain. Yet he could not forget the shadow that haunted the country:

Yet, something somber and severe
O'er the enchanted landscape reigned;
A terror in the atmosphere
As if King Phillip listened near,
Or Torquemada, the austere,
His ghostly sway maintained.
—Longfellow's *Castle in Spain.*

Yet Longfellow had faith in the common people of Spain, in the very dignity of the poor Spanish worker or struggling Spanish peasant. He writes:

A beggar wraps his tattered cloak around him with all the dignity of a Roman senator, and a muleteer bestrides his beast of burden with the air of a grandee. (Longfellow's *Outre-Mer.*)

Underneath this pride that is to be found even in the common people of Spain, Longfellow recognized the splendid qualities of unflinching courage and genuine worth which would one day enable them to come into their own. He writes:

The outside of the Spanish character is proud and on that account at first a little forbidding. But there is a warm current of noble sentiment flowing round the heart. (Longfellow's manuscript letter to his sister Elizabeth, May 15, 1827.)

This warm current flowing from the heart is the life blood of the Spanish people today. The quotations that have been given here make it clear that if Longfellow were now alive, his heart would be beating in sympathy with the heart of the Spanish people, besieged as they are by reactionary forces of predatory wealth, fanatical frenzy, and foreign invasion. He would cry out once more:

How much of my young heart, O Spain,
Went out to thee in days of yore!

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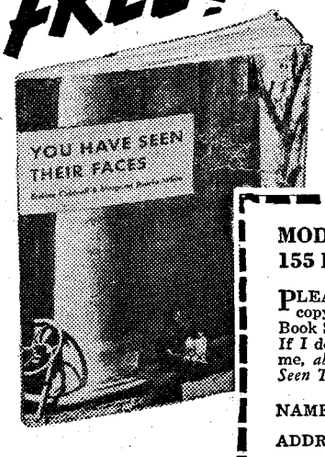

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